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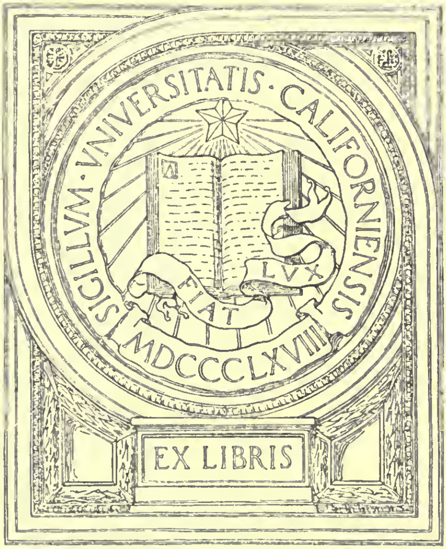
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MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

IN THREE PARTS.

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER:

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC BALLADS,

COLLECTED

IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND; WITH A FEW
OF MODERN DATE, FOUNDED UPON
LOCAL TRADITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear;
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.

KELSO:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE,
FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON:
AND SOLD BY MANNERS AND MILLER, AND
A. CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH.

1802.

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MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART SECOND.

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

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SCOTISH MUSIC.

AN ODE.

BY J. LEYDEN.

TO IANTHE.

Again, sweet Syren, breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain;
  Whose melting tones, of saddest woe,
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
  Which in the vales of Tiviot blow.

Such was the song that soothed to rest,
Far in the green isle of the west,
  The Celtic warrior's parted shade;
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
  Where ship-wrecked mariners are laid.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,
Like red blood on a wreath of snow;
  Like evening's dewy star her eye:
While, as the sea mew's downy breast,
Borne on the surge's foamy crest,
  Her graceful bosom heaved the sigh.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
Ere rolling years had passed away,
  Remembered like a morning dream,
I heard these dulcet measures float,
In many a liquid winding note,
  Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
  And charmed away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
  That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus, the exiled Scotian maid,
By fond alluring love betrayed,
  To visit Syria's date-crowned shore;
In plaintive strains, that soothed despair,
Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair,"
  And scenes of early youth, deplore.

Soft Syren! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptured brain,
  I bid your pleasing haunts adieu!
Yet, fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
  Thro' scenes that I no more must view.

NOTES

ON

SCOTISH MUSIC, AN ODE.

Far in the green isle of the west.—P. 1. Verse 2.

The *Flathinnis*, or Celtic paradise.

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell.—P. 2. Verse 1.

The effect of music is explained by the Hindús, as recalling to our memory the airs of paradise heard in a state of pre-existence. *Vide* SACONTALA.

Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair."—P. 4. Verse 4.

"So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman, travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard, by chance, a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing *Bothwel bank thou blumest fair*. The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him; and said she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle: and told him that she was a Scotish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk; who being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, she intreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country sake, to shew herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming, that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly; and at his departure gave him divers things of good value."—*Verstigan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence.* CHAP. *Of the Sirnames of our Ancient Families.* Antwerp, 1605.

THE GAY GOSS HAWK.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad is published partly from one, under this title, in Mrs Brown's *collection, and partly from a* MS. *of some antiquity,* penes Edit.—*The stanzas, appearing to possess most merit, have been selected from each copy.*

—" O waly, waly, my gay goss hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"—
—" And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

" O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom you may not win near?"—

—"I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."—

—"But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue, ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."—

—"O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red, that's on my true love's cheik,
Is like blood drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

" And even at my love's bour door,
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.

" And four and twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there."—

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa to southern land,
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladie's bour,
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sang thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye feir,
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'er word of the sang
Was—" Your love can no win here."

—" Feast on, feast on, my maidens a':
The wine flows you amang:
While I gang to my shot window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

" Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen'."—

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

—" Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three:
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."—

—" Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I sall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang, ere it be stale."—

The ladye's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash*,
And were about to die.

—" A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!"—
—" Ask not that paughty Scotish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

" But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."—
—" Then, gin I die in southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

" And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

---

* *Brash*---Sickness.

"And, when ye come to St Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."—
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour,
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi' care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee;
And she seemed to be as surely dead,
As any one could be.

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her chin;
—"And ever alas!" her mother cried,
"There is nae life within!"—

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her breast bane;
—"Alas!" her seven bauld brothers said,
"Our sister's dead and gane."—

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they pat in,
Sew'd to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

—" Set down, set down, the bier," he said;
" Let me looke her upon:"—
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
  Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
  She smiled her love upon.

—"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
  And one glass of your wine:
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
  All for your sake and mine.—

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers;
  Gae hame and blaw your horn:
I trow you wad hae gien me the skaith,
  But I've gien you the scorn."—

—"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
  An ill death may you die!
For we left father and mother at hame,
  Breaking their hearts for thee."—

NOTES

ON

THE GAY GOSS HAWK.

The red that's on my true love's cheek,—is like blood drops on the snaw.—P. 8. Verse 5.

This simile resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish fairy tale, called *The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland.*

" FARAVLA, as she entered her bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed; " Like that snow," said FARAVLA, " was the complexion of my beloved, his cheeks like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks."

There is also some resemblance, in the conduct of the story, betwixt the ballad and the tale just quoted. The Princess FARAVLA, being desperately in love with CARRAL O'DALY, dispatches in search of him a faithful confidant, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and, perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland.

In the ancient romance of *Sir Tristrem*, the simile of the " blood drops upon snow" likewise occurs.

" A bride brizt thai ches
" As blod opon snoweing."—

BROWN ADAM.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

There is a copy of this ballad in Mrs Brown's *collection. The editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet " Smith" implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in* Mrs Brown's *copy, a verse of little merit, here omitted; alluding to the implements of that occupation.*

O wha wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith ?
Or wha' wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith ?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother ;
And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
The flow'r o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bour in gude green wood,
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
And for to hunt some venison,
To green wood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude green wood,
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier:
And he's sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his ladye's bour door,
He stude a little forebye;
And there he heard a fou' fause knight
Tempting his gaye ladye.

For he has ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him mony a poun'—
—"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And this sall be thy own."—

—"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
"I trew sae does he me:
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string—
—"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this sall be thine."—

—"I loe Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light lemman,
For mair than ye could gie."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
  And flashed it in her een—
—"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
  Or thro' ye this sall gang!"—
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair—
  —"Brown Adam tarries lang!"—

Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
  Says—"I'm just at your hand."—
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
  He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
  —Four fingers o' his right hand.

JELLON GRAME.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations. It is corrected by a copy in Mrs Brown's MS. from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized.

Jellon seems to be the same name with *Jyllian* or *Julian.* "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" is mentioned in *Warton's History of Poetry*, Vol. 2. p. 40. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of "*The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter*,"—*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. 3. p. 72.

> "Some do call me Jacke, sweetheart,
> "And some do call me *Jille*."—

For Gille, or Juliana, as a female name, we have *Fair Gillian* of Croyden, and a thousand authorities. Such being the case, the editor must enter his protest against the conversion of Gil Morrice, into Child Maurice, an epithet of chivalry. All the circumstances in that ballad argue, that the unfortunate hero was an obscure, and very young man, who had never received the honour of knighthood. At any rate, there can be no reason, even were internal evidence totally wanting, for altering a well known proper name, which, till of late years, has been the uniform title of the ballad.

JELLON GRAME.

O Jellon Grame sat in Silverwood*,
He sharp'd his broad sword lang,
And he has call'd his little foot page,
An errand for to gang.

—" Win up, my bonny boy," he says,
" As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,
Before the break of day."—

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And thro' the green wood ran;
And he came to the ladye's bower,
Before the day did dawn.

---

* Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a MS. medley song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the Aberdeen cantus, *penes* JOHN G. DALYELL, Esq. advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song:

" Silverwood, gin ye were mine."—

—" O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain:
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll never win hame."—

She had na ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she cam to a new made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush there bye—
—" Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lye."—

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee—
—" O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to die!

" Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light;
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."—

—"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."—

—"O spare my life! now, Jellon Grame;
My father ye need na dread:
I'll keep my babe in gude green wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."—

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Tho' she for life did pray;
But pierced her thro' the fair body,
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead;
But he felt some for the bonny bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
Given him to nurses nine;
Three to sleep, and three to wake.
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonny boy,
Call'd him his sister's son;
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell, upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik tree.

And mony were the green wood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
To see their lovely hue.

—" What's paler than the prymrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower,
On this wee know* that grows?"—

O out and answered Jellon Grame,
And he spake hastilie—
—" Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

---

* *Wee know*—Little hillock.

More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than prymrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broad sword ran."—

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;
And thro' and thro' him, Jellon Grame,
He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says—"Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame;
My malisoun gang you wi'!
The place my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee."—

WILLIE's LADYE.

ANCIENT COPY.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Mr **Lewis**, in his *Tales of Wonder*, has presented the public with a copy of this ballad, with additions and alterations. The editor has also seen a copy, containing some modern stanzas, intended by Mr **Jamieson**, of Macclesfield, for publication in his collection of Scotish poetry. Yet, under these disadvantages, the editor cannot relinquish his purpose of publishing the old ballad, in its native simplicity, as taken from Mrs **Brown** of Faulkland's MS.

Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described, was performed in classic days, may consult the story of Galanthis's Metamorphosis, in **Ovid**, or the following passage in **Apuleius**. " *Eadem (Saga scilicet quædam), Amatoris uxorem, quod* " *in sibi dicacule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcinam prægna-* " *tionis, obsepto utero, et repigrato fœtu, perpetua prægna-* " *tione damnavit. Et ut cuncti numerant, octo annorum onere,* " *misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, distenditur.*"—APUL. METAM. LIB. 1.

WILLIE's LADYE.

Willie's ta'en him o'er the faem *,
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame ;
He's wooed her for her yallow hair,
But his mother wrought her meikle care :

And meikle dolour gar'd her drie,
For lighter she can never be,
But in her bour she sits wi' pain,
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.
And to his mother he has gane,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind !
He says—" My ladye has a cup,
Wi' gowd and silver set about,
This gudely gift sall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."—

---

* *Faem*—The sea foam.

—" Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter ;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And you shall wed another May."—

—" Another May I'll never wed,
Another May I'll never bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
—" I wish my life were at an end!

" Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say, your ladye has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land of Leed*.

" For he is silver shod before,
And he is gowden shod behind ;
At every tuft of that horse main,
There's a golden chess†, and a bell to ring.
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

---

[*] *Land of Leed*—Perhaps Lydia.

[†] *Chess*—Should probably be *Jess*, the name of a hawk's bell.

—" Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And ye sall wed another May."—

—" Another May I'll never wed,
Another May I'll ne'er bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
—" I wish my life were at an end!

" Yet gae ye to your mither again,
That vile rank witch, o' rankest kind!
And say, your ladye has a girdle,
It is a' red gowd to the middle;

" And aye, at ilka siller hem
Hangs fifty siller bells and ten;
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

—" Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in your bour to shine the brighter;
For she sall die, and turn to clay,
And thou sall wed another May."—

—" Another May I'll never wed,
Another May I'll never bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
" I wish my days were at an end !"—

Then out and spake the Billy-blind*—
(He spak ay in a gude time :)
—" Yet gae ye to the market place,
And there do buy a loaf of wace†;
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen e'en you'll put ;

" And bid her your boy's christening to,
Then notice weel what she shall do ;
And do ye stand a little away,
To notice weel what she may saye.—

* * * * * *

[*A stanza seems to be wanting. Willie is supposed to follow the advice of the spirit. His mother speaks.*]

---

* *Billy Blind*—A familiar genius, or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the *Brownie*. He is mentioned repeatedly in Mrs BROWN's ballads, but I have not met with him anywhere else. The word is indeed used in Sir DAVID LINDSAY's plays, but apparently in a different sense.

" Priests sall leid you like ane Billy Blinde."
Pinkerton's Scotish Poems, 1792, VOL. II. p. 232.

† *Wace*—Wax.

—" O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were amang that ladye's hair?

" And wha has ta'en downe that bush o' woodbine,
That hung between her bour and mine?
And wha has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed?
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,
And let that ladye lighter be!!"—

Syne, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks;
And Willy's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were into that ladye's hair;
And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bour and the witch carline;

And he has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed;
And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that ladye lighter be;
And now he has gotten a bonny son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

CLERK SAUNDERS.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This romantic ballad is taken from Mr **Herd's** MS. *with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad beginning* "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," *will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very ancient. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages of Scotland. The sexton goes through the town, ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral.*

Clerk Saunders and May Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

—“ A bed, a bed,” Clerk Saunders said,
“ A bed for you and me.”—
—“ Fye na, fye na,” said May Margaret,
“ Till anes we married be.

“ For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi’ torches burning bright;
They’ll say—“ We hae but ae sister,
And behold she’s wi’ a knight!”—

—“ Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

“ And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen.”—

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid;
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi’ torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches shining bright;
They said " We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!"—

Then out and spake the first o' them,—
—" I bear the sword shall gar him die."—
And out and spake the second o' them,—
—" His father has nae mair than he!"—

And out and spake the third o' them,—
—" I wot that they are lovers dear."—
And out and spake the fourth o' them,—
—" They hae been in love this mony a year."—

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,—
—" It were great sin true love to twain."—
And out and spake the sixth o' them,—
—" It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"—

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped* his bright brown brand
Out thro' Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

---

* *Striped*—Thrust.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned
Into his arms as asleep she lay ;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw ;
And kindly to him she did say,
—“ It is time, true love, you were awa’.”—

But he lay still, and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen ;
She looked atween her and the wa’,
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—“ Let a’ your mourning be :
I’ll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I’ll come back and comfort thee.”—

—“ Comfort weel your seven sons ;
For comforted will I never be :
I ween ’twas neither knave nor lown
Was in the bower last night wi’ me.”—

The clinking bell gaed thro' the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

—"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Gie me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."--

—"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."—

—"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And, if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry mid night,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."—

—“ Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Untill ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling* ?”—

—“ Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers:
I wot sweet company for to see.

“ O cocks are crowing a merry mid night,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I ere now will be missed away.”—

Then she has ta'en a chrystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

—“ I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee.”

---

* *Traivelling*—Child birth.

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climbed the wall and followed him,
Untill she came to the green forest;
And there she lost the sight o' him.

—" Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep."—

—" There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

" Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting place is weet."—

* * * * * * *

NOTES

ON

CLERK SAUNDERS.

Weel set about wi' gillyflowers.—P. 38. Verse 2.

From whatever source the popular ideas of heaven be derived, the mention of gillyflowers is not uncommon. Thus in the Dead Men's Song—

> The fields about this city faire
> Were all with roses set;
> *Gillyflowers*, and carnations faire,
> Which canker could not fret.

Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 288.

The description given in the legend of Sir Owain, of the terrestrial paradise, at which the blessed arrive after passing through purgatory, omits gillyflowers, though it mentions many others. As the passage is curious, and the legend has never been published, many persons may not be displeased to see it extracted.

> Fair were her erbers with flowres,
> Rose and lili divers coulours,
> Primrol and paruink;
> Mint, feuerfoy, and eglenterre
> Colombin, and mo ther were
> Than ani man mai bithenke.

It berth erbes of other maner,
Than ani in erth groweth here,
Tho that is lest of priis;
Euermore thai grene springeth,
For winter no somer it no clingeth,
And sweeter than licorice.

EARL RICHARD.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

There are two ballads in Mr Herd's MS. *upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate knight is termed* Young Huntin. *A fragment, containing from the sixth to the tenth verse, has been repeatedly published. The best verses are here selected from both copies, and some trivial alterations have been adopted from tradition.*

—" O lady, rock never your young son young,
One hour langer for me;
For I have a sweetheart, in Garlioch Wells,
I love far better than thee.

" The very sole o' that ladye's foot
Than thy face is far mair white."—
—" But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
Ye will bide in my bower a' night?"—

She birled* him wi' the ale and wine,
As they sat down to sup;
A living man he laid him down,
But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew aboun her head;—
—"Lady! keep weel your grene cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."—

—"O better I'll keep my grene cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering toung,
That trattles in thy head."—

She has call'd upon her bower maidens,
She has call'd them ane by ane;—
—"There lies a deid man in my bowr:
I wish that he were gane."—

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride;
A hunting horn tied round his waist,
A sharp sword by his side,
And they hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.

---

* *Birled*—Plied.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That sat upon the tree—
—“ What hae ye done wi’ Erl Richard?
Ye were his gaye ladye.”—

—“ Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And sit upon my hand;
And thou sall hae a cage o’ gowd,
Where thou hast but the wand.”—

—“ Awa! awa! ye ill woman:
Nae cage o’ gowd for me;
As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
Sae wad ye do to me.”—

O it fell anes, upon a day,
The king was boun’ to ride;
And he has mist him, Erl Richard,
Should hae ridden on his right side.

The ladye turn’d her round about,
Wi meikle mournfu’ din—
—“ It fears me sair o’ Clyde water,
That he is drown’d therein.”—

—" Gar douk, gar douk[*]," the king he cried,
" Gar douk for gold and fee;
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
Or wha will douk for me?"—

They douked in at ae weil-head[†],
And out aye at the other—
—" We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
Altho' he were our brother."—

It fell that, in that ladye's castle,
The king was boun' to bed;
And up and spake the popinjay
That flew abune his head.

—" Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night;
And wherever that sackless[‡] knight lies slain,
The candles will burn bright."—

—" O there's a bird, within this bower,
That sings baith sad and sweet;
O there's a bird within your bower,
Keeps me frae my night's sleep."—

---

[*] *Douk.*—Dive [†] *Weil-head*—Eddy. [‡] *Sackless*—Guiltless.

They left the douking on the day,
And douked upon the night;
And, where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles burned bright.

The deepest pot in a' the linn,
They fand Erl Richard in;
A grene turf tyed across his breast,
To keep that gude lord down.

Then up and spake the king himsell,
When he saw the deadly wound—
—"O wha has slain my right hand man,
That held my hawk and hound?"—

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Says—"What needs a' this din?
It was his light lemman took his life,
And hided him in the linn."—

She swore her by the grass sae grene,
Sae did she by the corn,
She had na' seen him, Erl Richard,
Since Moninday at morn.

—" Put na the wyte on me," she said ;
" It was my may Catherine."—
Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
To burn that maiden in.

It wadna take upon her cheik,
Nor yet upon her chin ;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
To cleanse the deadly sin.

Out they hae ta'en her, may Catherine,
And put her mistress in :
The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,
Tuik fast upon her chin,
Tuik fast upon her fair bodye—
She burn'd like hollins grene*.

---

* *Hollins grene*—Green holly.

NOTES

ON

EARL RICHARD.

The candles will burn bright.—P. 45, Verse 4.

These are unquestionably the corpse-lights, which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The editor is informed that, some years ago, the corpse of a man, drowned in the Etrick, below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in church-yards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes, that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person had died, and glides towards the church-yard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions relating to the " tomb-fires' livid gleam," seem to be of runic extraction.

The deepest pot in a' the linn.—P. 46, Verse 2.

The deep holes, scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river, are called *pots* ; the motion of the water having there some resemblance to a boiling cauldron.

Linn—Means the pool beneath a cataract.

THE

LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

NOW

FIRST PUBLISHED IN A PERFECT STATE.

Lochroyan, whence this ballad probably derives its name, lies in Galloway. The lover, who, if the story be real, may be supposed to have been detained by sickness, is represented, in the legend, as confined by fairy charms, in an enchanted castle situated in the sea. The ruins of ancient edifices are still visible on the summits of most of those small islands, or rather insulated rocks, which lie along the coast of Ayrshire and Galloway, as Ailsa and Big Scaur.

This edition of the ballad obtained, is composed of verses selected from three MS. copies, and two from recitation. Two of the copies are in HERD's MS. the third in that of Mrs BROWN of Falkland.

A fragment of the original song, which is sometimes denominated *Lord Gregory*, or *Love Gregory*, was published in Mr HERD's collection, 1774, and, still more fully, in that of LAURIE and SYMINGTON, 1792. The story has been celebrated both by BURNS and Dr WOLCOTT.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

—" O wha will shoe my bonny foot,
  And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
  Wi' a lang lang linen band?

" O wha will kame my yellow hair
  With a new made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
  Till Lord Gregory come hame?"—

—" Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
  Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
  Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new made silver kame;
And God will be thy bairn's father,
Till Lord Gregory come hame."—

—"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."—

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt salt sea:
The sails were o' the light-green silk,
The tows* o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

—"Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
(For so ye weel might be:)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"—

---

* *Tows*—Ropes.

—" O I am neither the queen," she said,
" Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."—

—" O see na thou yon bonny bower?
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin:
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."—

And when she saw the stately tower,
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing* wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—" Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land;
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the salt sea strand."—

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud, cried she—
—" Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"—

---

* *Jawing*—Dashing.

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane;
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

—" O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open, and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain drops o'er my chin."—

—" Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good:
Ye're but some witch, or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood!"—

—" I am neither witch nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!"—

—" Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she:)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That past between thee and me."—

—" O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can shew thee thine.

" O your's was gude and gude enough,
But ay the best was mine;
For your's was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

" And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid,
Right sair against my will?

" Now, open the door, Lord Gregory;
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."—

—" If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be;)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Past between me and thee."—

Fair Annie turned her round about—
—"Weel! since that it be sae,
May never woman, that has borne a son,
Hae a heart sae fu' o' wae.

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd;
Set up a mast o' tree:
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie."—

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him, Lord Gregory,
And sair sair did he weep.

—"O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
—I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate e'en now.

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
—The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet."—

—“ Gin it be for Annie o’ Lochroyan,
That ye make a’ this din,
She stood a’ last night at your door;
But I trow she wan na in.”—

—“ O wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me.”—

O he’s gane down to yon shore side,
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

—“ And hey Annie! and how Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide?”—
But ay the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

—“ And hey Annie! and how Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!”—
But ay the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie raise no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin;
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

—" O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

“ O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o’ me.”—

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILLY.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This legendary tale is given chiefly from Mrs Brown's MS. *Accordingly, many of the rhymes arise from the northern mode of pronounciation; as* dee *for* do, *and the like. Perhaps the ballad may have originally related to the history of the celebrated* Robin Hood; *as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favourite abode.*

O Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mother deir was dead;
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wished them twa little guid.

But she had twa as gallant sons,
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo'ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged ha' they a bigly bour,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in the ladyes' bour,
Nor in a' their father's land.

But out and spake their step-mother,
As she stude a little forebye—
—" I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."—

She's call'd upon her eldest son—
—" Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."—

—" Gin sae it maun be, my deir mother,
Ye're bidding I maun dee;
But, be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye hae been to me.'"—

She's call'd upon her youngest son—
—" Cum here, my son, to me;
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."—

—" Gin it fear ye sair, my mother deir,
Ye're bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye hae been to me."—

—" Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part:
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."—

Sae Bauld Arthur's gane to our king's court,
His hie chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to grene wood he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly—
—" My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale,
To mourn our bour within?"—

O cutted hae they their grene cloathing,
A little abune their knee;
And sae hae they their yellow hair,
A little abune their bree.

And left hae they that bonny bour,
To cross the raging sea;
And they hae ta'en to a holy chapel,
Was christen'd by Our Ladye.

And they hae changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
And they hae sworn it to fulfill;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle horn,
The tother suld cum her till.

Sweet Willy's gane to the king's court,
Her true love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude grene wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a time,
They putted at the stane ;
And seven foot ayont them a',
Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting stane,
And gave a sad " O hon!"—
Then out bespake him Brown Robin—
—" But that's a woman's moan!"—

—" O kent ye by my rosy lips,
Or by my yellow hair;
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
Ye never yet saw bare?"—

—" I kent na by your rosy lips,
Nor by your yellow hair;
But cum to your bour whaever likes,
They'll find a ladye there."—

—" O gin ye come my bour within,
Thro' fraud, deceit, or guile,
Wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
I vow I will thee kill."—

—"Yet durst I cum into your bour,
And ask nae leave," quo' he;
"And, wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
Wave danger back on thee."—

About the dead hour o' the night,
The ladye's bour was broken;
And, about the first hour o' the day,
The fair knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane, and months were come,
The lady was sad and wan;
And aye she cried for a bour woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin—
—"And what needs this?" quo' he:
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"—

—"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

" But, gin ye take that bugle horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I hae a brother in yonder court,
Will cum me quickly till."—

—" O gin ye hae a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blaw the horn yoursell," he says,
" For a blast I winna gie."—

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill;
Sweet William started at the sound,
And cam her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye—
—" No man shall cum into this bour,
But first maun fight wi' me."—

O they hae fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blood, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said—“ Robin, let me be;
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee.”—

O seven foot he started back,
Cried—“ Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's bluid to see:

“ And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye;
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly.”—

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right heartilie—
—“ She has been wi' you this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she.”—

Now word has gane thro' a' the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page, in gude grene wood,
Had borne a bonny son.—

The marvel gaed to the king's court,
And to the king himsell—
—" Now, by my fay," the king did say,
" The like was never heard tell!"—

Then out and spake him, Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
—" I trow some may has plaid the lown*,
And fled her ain countrie."—

—" Bring me my steid!" the king can say;
My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen."—

—" Gin it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,
" My liege, I'll gang you wi';
And see gin I can meet a bonny page,
That's stray'd awa frae me."—

And they hae chaced in gude grene wood,
The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bour,
About the close o' day.

---

* *Lown*—Rogue.

Then out and spake the king himsell,
Says—“ Arthur, look and see
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
That leans against yon tree.”

O Arthur’s ta’en a bugle horn,
And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willy started to her feet,
And ran him quickly till.

—“ O wanted ye your meat, Willie?
Or wanted you your fee?
Or gat ye e’er an angry word,
That ye ran awa frae me?”—

—“ I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye aye was good:
I cam to see my ae brother,
That wons in this grene wood.”—

Then out bespake the king again—
—“ My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bour,
Beneath yon grene aik tree?”—

—“ O pardon me,” said Sweet Willy ;
“ My liege I dare na tell ;
And gang na near yon outlaw’s bour,
For feir they suld you kill.”—

—“ O haud your tongue, my bonny boy,
For I winna be said nay ;
But I will gang yon bour within,
Betide me weal or wae.”—

They have lighted frae their milk-white steids,
And saftly entered in ;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny young son.

—“ Now, by the mass,” the king he said,
“ This is a comely sight ;
I trow, instead of a forester’s man,
This is a ladye bright !”—

O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee :
—“ O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I’ll tell thee.

" Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

" Yet had she twa as fu' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister deir,
And the tother said he lo'ed me."—

Then out and cried him, Bauld Arthur,
As by the king he stood,
—" Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The king has sent for robes o' grene,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the king's deer;
But when he saw the King himsell,
He started back for fear.

The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude grene wood,
And cum to the court wi' speed.

The king has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says—" Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou sall be."—

They have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam to the king's court,
For joy the bells did ring.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs Brown of Faulkland's MS. The expression

> "The boy stared wild like a gray goss hawk."
>
> *Verse* 31.

strongly resembles that in *Hardyknute*,

> "Norse e'en like gray goss hawk stared wild."

a circumstance which led the editor to make the strictest enquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses; particularly those beautiful stanzas, from the 20th to the 25th. The editor is therefore compelled to believe, that the author of *Hardyknute* copied the old ballad—if the coincidence be not altogether accidental.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
  King Wester for her fee;
King Honor for her comely face,
  And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
  As I have heard them tell,
Untill the nobles of the land
  Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils* them amang,
  And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
  Wha suld gae kill the king.

---

* *Kevils*—Lots.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
  Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
  And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
King Honor and his gaye ladye
  In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
  When a' were fast asleep;
And slew the porter in his lodge,
  That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
  Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
  He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honor,
  Says—" What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
  Or wha has loot you in?"—

—" O ye my errand weel shall learn,
Before that I depart."—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the Queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee:
—" O spare my life! now, Fause Foodrage,
For I never injured thee.

" O spare my life! now, Fause Foodrage,
Untill I lighter be;
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honor has left me wi'."—

—" O gin it be a lass," he says,
" Weel nursed it shall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hanged hie.

" I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie, hie, kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He shall mount the gallows pin."—

O four and twenty valiant knights
  Were set the Queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bour door,
  To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
  That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile
  To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
  With the ale but and the wine,
Untill they were as deadly drunk
  As any wild wood swine.

—" O narrow, narrow, is this window,
  And big, big, am I grown !"—
Yet, thro' the might of Our Ladye,
  Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
  She wandered out and in;
And at last, into the very swine's stythe,
  The Queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which sould gae seek the Queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The Queen fell on her knee;
—" Win up, win up, Madame!" she says:
" What needs this courtesie?"—

—" O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honor left me wi'.

" And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow[*]
As weel to write and read.

" And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd[†] wi' her hand.

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[*] *Dow*—Dove.

[†] *Lay gowd*—To embroider in gold.

At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—" Dame, how does my gay goss hawk?"—
—" Madame, how does my dow?"—

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honor's son
A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

—" O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it ye suld be heir."—

—" How I suld be heir of that castell
In sooth I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."—

—" O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

" And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."—

The boy stared wild like a gray goss hawk:
Says—" What may a' this mean?"—
—" My boy, ye are King Honor's son;
And your mother's our lawful Queen."—

—" O gin I be King Honor's son,
By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon has he seized on Fause Foodrage.
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.—

—" O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage!
  Frae me ye shanna flee."—
Syne, pierc'd him thro' the fause, fause, heart,
  And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
  Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
  Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

NOTES

ON

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

King Easter has courted her for her lands—King Wester for her fee—King Honor, &c.—P. 74, Verse 1.

King Easter and King Wester were probably the petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In the COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLAND, an ancient romance is mentioned under the title, "*How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmoreland*," which may possibly be the original of the beautiful legend of *King Estmere*, in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, VOL. I. p. 62, 4th edit. From this it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts, from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex. But the geography of the metrical romances sets all system at defiance; and, in some of these, as *Clariodus* and *Meliades*, Estmureland undoubtedly signifies the land of the Easterlings, or the Flemish provinces at which vessels arrived in three days from England, and to which they are represented as exporting wool.—*Vide Notes to the tale of Kempion.*

And they hae cast kevils them amung.—P. 74. Verse 3.

Kevils—Lots. Both words originally meant only a portion, or share, of any thing. LEGES BURGORUM, CAP. 59. *de lot, cut, or kavil.*

STATUTA GILDÆ, CAP. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, &c. nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque lot neque cavil habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, *lot* and *cavil* signify a share in trade.

Dame, how does my gay goss hawk.—P. 79. Verse 1.

This metaphorical language was customary among the northern nations. In 925, king ADELSTEIN sent an embassy to HARALD HARFAGAR, king of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with an elegant sword, ornamented with precious stones. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage; for, touching the hilt of a warrior's sword was regarded as an acknowledgment of subjection. The Norwegian prince, resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, suppressed his resentment, and sent next summer an embassy to ADELSTEIN, the chief of which presented HACO, the son of HARALD, to the English prince; and, placing him on his knees, made the following declaration: "*Haraldus, Normannorum rex, amice te salutat;* albamque *hanc* avem, *bene institutam mittit, utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*" The king received young HACO on his knees; which the Norwegian ambassador immediately accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority, according to the proverb, "*Is minor semper habetur qui alterius filium educat.*"—PONTOPPIDANI VESTIGIA DANOR. VOL. II. p. 67.

KEMPION.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

The tale of *Kempion* seems, from the names of the personages, and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance, degraded into a ballad, by the lapse of time, and the corruption of reciters. The change in the structure of the last verses, from the common ballad stanza to that which is proper to the metrical romance, adds force to this conjecture.

Such transformations, as the song narrates, are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Innamorato*, the paladin, *Brandimarte*, after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel, seated upon a tomb, who announces to him, that, in order to atchieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged his faith, proceeds to open the tomb, out of which a monstrous snake raises itself, with a tremendous hiss. *Brandimarte*, with much reluctance, fulfills the *bizarre* conditions of the adventure; and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits. For the satisfaction of those who may wish to compare the tale of the Italian poet with that of *Kempion*, a part of the original of BOIARDO is given below.

There is a ballad, somewhat resembling *Kempion*, called the *Laidley Worm of Bamborough*, which is very popular upon the borders; but, having been often published, it was thought unnecessary to insert it in this collection.

There are numerous traditions, upon the borders,

Poich' ebbe il verso Brandimarte letto,
La lapida pesante in aria alzava:
Ecco fuor una serpe insin' al petto,
La qual, forte stridendo, zufolava,
Di spaventoso, e terribil' aspetto,
A prendo il muso gran denti mostrava,
De' quali il cavalier non si fidando,
Si trasse a dietro, et mise mano al brando.

Ma quella Donna gridava, " non fate"
Col viso smorto, e grido tremebondo,
" Non far, che ci farai pericolare,
" E cadrem' tutti quanti nel profondo:
" A te convien quella serpe baciare,
" O far pensier di non esser' al Mondo,
" Accostar la tua bocca con la sua,
" O perduta tener la vita tua."

concerning huge and destructive snakes, although the common adder, and blind worm, are the only reptiles of that *genus* now known to haunt our wilds. Whether it be possible, that, at an early period, before the country was drained and cleared of wood, serpents of a larger size may have existed, is a question which the editor leaves to the naturalist. But, not to mention the fabulous dragon slain in Northumberland by *Sir Bevis*, the fame still survives of many a *preux chevalier*, supposed to have distinguished himself by similar atchievements.

The manor of Sockburn, in the bishoprick of Durham, anciently the seat of the family of CONYERS, or COG-

---

" Come ? non vedi, che i denti degrigna,
Che pajon fatti a posta a spiccar' nasi,
E fammi un certo viso de matrigna".
Disse il Guerrier, " ch'io me spavento quasi :"
" Anzi t' invita con faccia benigna ;"
Disse la Donna, " e molti altri rimasi
Per vilta sono a questa sepoltura :
Or la t' accosta, e non aver paura."

Il cavalier s' accosta, ma di passo,
Che troppo grato quel baciar non gli era,
Verso la serpe chinandosi basso,
Gli parvo tanto orrenda, e tanto fera,
Che venne in viso freddo, com' un sasso ;
E disse " si fortuna vuol' ch'io pera,
Fia tanto un altra volta, quanto addeso
Ma cagion dar non me ne voglio io stesso."

NIERS, is held of the bishop by the service of presenting, or shewing to him, upon his first entrance into his diocese, an antique sword, or faulchion. The origin of this peculiar service is thus stated in BECKWITH's edition of *Blount's Antient Tenures*, p. 200.

"Sir EDWARD BLACKETT (the proprietor of the ma-
"nor) now represents the person of Sir JOHN CONYERS,
"who, as tradition says, in the fields of Sockburne, slew,
"with this faulchion, a monstrous creature, a dragon, a
"worm, or flying serpent, that devoured men, women,
"and children. The then owner of Sockburne, as a re-
"ward for his bravery, gave him the manor, with its ap-
"purtenances, to hold for ever, on condition that he

"Fuss' io certo d'andare in paradiso,
Come son' certo, chinandomi un poco,
Che quella bestia mi s'avventa al viso,
E mi piglia nel naso, o altro loco:
Egli e proprio cosi, com' io m'avviso,
Ch' altri ch'io stato e colto a questo gioco
E che costei mi da questo conforto
Per vindicarsi di colui, ch'ho morto *."

Cosi dicendo, a rinculare attende,
Deliberato piu non s'accostare:
La Donna si dispera, e lo reprende,
"Ah codardo," dicea, "che credi fare?
Perche tanta vilta, l'alma t'offende,
Che ti fara alla fin mal capitare?
Infinita paura e poca fede,
La salute gli mostro, e non mi crede."

* *Un cavalier occiso per Brandimarte nel entrare del palazzo incantato.*

" meets the Lord Bishop of Durham, with this faulchion, " on his first entrance into his diocese, after his election " to that see.

" And, in confirmation of this tradition, there is painted, in a window of Sockburne church, the faulchion we " just now spoke of: and it is also cut in marble, upon the " tomb of the great ancestor of the CONYERS', together " with a dog, and the monstrous worm, or serpent, lying " at his feet, of his own killing, of which the history of " the family gives the above account.

" When the Bishop first comes into his diocese, he " crosses the river Tees, either at the ford at Nesham,

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Punto il Guerrier de questi agre parole,
Torna de nuovo ver la sepoltura,
Tinsegli in rose il color de viole,
In vergogna mutata la paura:
Pur stando ancor' fra due, vuole, e non vuole,
Un pensier lo spaventa, un l'assicura
Al fin tra l'animoso, e'l disperato,
A lei s'accosta, ed halle un bacio dato.

Un ghiaccio proprio gli parse a toccare
La bocca, che parea prima di foco:
La serpe se commincia a tramutare
E diventa donzella a poco a poco:
Febosilla costei si fa chiamare,
Un fata, che fece quel bel loco,
E quel giardino, e quella sepoltura,
Ove gran tempo e stato in pena dura, &c.

" or Croft bridge, where the counties of York and Durham divide; at one of which places, Sir EDWARD " BLACKETT, either in person, or by his representative, " if the Bishop comes by Nesham, rides into the middle " of the river Tees, with the ancient faulchion drawn in " his hand, or upon the middle of Croft bridge; and then " presents the faulchion to the Bishop, addressing him in " the ancient form of words; upon which the Bishop " takes the faulchion into his hand, looks at it, and returns it back again, wishing the lord of the manor his " health, and the enjoyment of his estate."—The faulchion, above alluded to, has upon its hilt the arms of England, in the reign of King JOHN, and an eagle, supposed to be the ensign of Morcar, Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.—*Gough's Camden's Britannia*, VOL. III. p. 114. Mr GOUGH, with great appearance of probability, conjectures the dragon, engraved on the tomb, to be an emblematical, or heraldric ornament.

The property, called Pollard's Lands, near Bishop Auckland, is held by a similar tenure; and we are informed, in the work just quoted, that " Dr JOHNSON of New-" castle met the present Bishop, Dr EGERTON, in Sep-" tember, 1771, at his first arrival there, and presented " a faulchion upon his knee, and addressed him in the " old form of words, saying,

" *My Lord, in behalf of myself, as well as of the several*

"*other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present*
"*your Lordship with this faulchion, at your first coming*
"*here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew of*
"*old a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm*
"*to man and beast: and, by the performance of this ser-*
"*vice, these lands are holden.*"—ANCIENT TENURES, p. 201.

Above the south entrance of the ancient parish church of Linton, in Roxburghshire, is a rude piece of sculpture, representing a knight, with a falcon on his arm, encountering with his lance, in full career, a sort of monster, which the common people call a *worm*, or snake. Tradition bears, that this animal inhabited a den, or hollow, at some distance from the church, whence it was wont to issue forth, and ravage the country, or, by the fascination of its eyes and breath, draw its prey into its jaws. Large rewards were in vain offered for the destruction of this monster, which had grown to so huge a bulk, that it used to twist itself, in spiral folds, round a green hillock of considerable height. When sleeping in this place, with its mouth open, popular credulity affirms, that it was slain by the laird of LARISTON, a man brave even to madness, who, coming upon the snake at full gallop, thrust down its throat a burning *peat* (a piece of turf dried for fuel), fixed to the point of his lance. The aromatic quality of the peat is said to have preserved the champion from the effects of the monster's poisonous breath; and, in dying, the serpent contracted his folds with so much violence, that their spiral impression is still discernible round the hillock where it lay. The noble family of SOMERVILLE are said to be descended from this adventurous knight, in memory of whose atchievement they bear a dragon as their crest.

The sculpture itself gives no countenance to this fine story; for the animal, whom the knight appears to be in the act of slaying, has no resemblance to a serpent, but rather to a wolf, or boar, with which the neighbouring Cheviot mountains must in early times have abounded*. An inscription, which might have thrown light upon this exploit, is now totally defaced. The vulgar, adapting it to their own tradition, tell us that it ran thus:

The wode laird of Lariestoun
Slew the wode worm of Wormistoune,
And wan all Linton paroschine.

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* An altar, dedicated to Sylvan Mars, was found in a glen in Weardale, in the Bishoprick of Durham. From the following votive inscription, it appears to have been erected by C. T. V. MICIANUS, a Roman General, upon taking an immense boar, which none of his predecessors could destroy.

" *Silvano invicto sacrum. C. Tetius Veturius Micianus Præf. Alae Sebosinae ob aprum eximiæ formæ captum, quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt, Votum solvens lubenter posuit.*

LAMB's Notes on Battle of Flodden, 1774, p. 67.

It is most probable, that the animal, destroyed by the ancestor of Lord SOMERVILLE, was one of those beasts of prey by which Caledonia was formerly infested; but which, now,

> Razed out of all her woods, as trophies hung,
> Grin high emblazon'd on her children's shields.

The ballad of *Kempion* is given chiefly from Mrs BROWN's MS. with corrections from a recited fragment.

KEMPION.

—“ Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,
And lay your head low on my knee;
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gaye ladye.

“ O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

“ I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee.”—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, e'er she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but cum to her hand;
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

—" Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
" This fiery beast I'll gang and see."—
—" And, by my sooth," said Segramour,
" My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."—

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reached the shore,
Around them she gar'd the red fire flee.

—" O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

—" O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
And it is not for the awe o' thee,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane:
Awa she gaed and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

—" O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
And not for a' thy bow nor thee,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has gien her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

—“ O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the feir o’ thee;
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.”—

He’s louted him o’er the lofty craig,
And he has gien her kisses three:
Awa she gaed and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e’er could be!

—“ And by my sooth,” says Kempion,
“ My ain true love, (for this is she:)
They surely had a heart o’ stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

“ O was it warwolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mishaped thee?”—

—“ It was na warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!”—

—" O a heavier weird* shall light her on,
  Than ever fell on vile woman ;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
  And on her four feet shall she gang.

" None shall take pity her upon ;
  In Wormeswood she aye shall won ;
And relieved shall she never be,
  Till St Mungo† come over the sea."—
And sighing said that weary wight,
  —" I doubt that day I'll never see !"—

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[*] *Werd*—From the German auxiliary verb *werden*, to become.

[†] *St Mungo.*—Saint Kentigern.

NOTES

ON

KEMPION.

On Estmere crags, when ye them clim'.—P. 93, Verse 2.

If by Estmere crags we are to understand the rocky cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland, we may bring our scene of action near Bamborough, and thereby almost identify the tale of *Kempion* with that of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston*, to which it bears so strong a resemblance.

I weird ye to a fierye beast.—P. 93, Verse 3.

Our ideas of dragons and serpents are probably derived from the Scandinavians. The legends of *Regnar Lodbrog*, and of the huge snake in the Edda, by whose folds the world is encircled, are well known. Griffins and dragons were fabled, by the Danes, as watching over and defending hoards of gold.—*Bartholin. de caus. cont. Mortis.* p. 490. *Saxo Grammaticus, lib.* 2. The Edda also mentions one FAFNER, who, transformed into a serpent, brooded over his hidden treasures. From these authorities, and that of HERODOTUS, our MILTON draws his simile—

> As when a Gryphon, through the wilderness,
> With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
> Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
> The guarded gold.

O was it warwolf in the wood.—P. 96, Verse 4.

Warwolf, or **Lycanthropus**, signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf, for the purpose of ravage and devastation. It is probable the word was first used symbolically, to distinguish those, who, by means of intoxicating herbs, could work their passions into a frantic state, and throw themselves upon their enemies with the fury and temerity of ravenous wolves. Such were the noted *Berserkar* of the Scandinavians, who, in their fits of voluntary frenzy, were wont to perform the most astonishing exploits of strength, and to perpetrate the most horrible excesses, although, in their natural state, they neither were capable of greater crimes nor exertions than ordinary men. This quality they ascribed to Odin. “ *Odinus efficere valuit, ut hostes ipsius inter bellandum* “ *cæci vel surdi vel attoniti fierent, armaque illorum instar baculorum ob-* “ *tusa essent. Sui vero milites sine loricis incedebant, ac instar* canum vel “ luporum furebant, *scuta sua arrodentes : et robusti ut ursi vel tauri, ad-* “ *versarios trucidabant : ipsis vero neque ignis neque ferrum nocuit. Ea* “ *qualitas vocatur furor Berserkicus.*”—*Snorro Sturleson*, quoted by *Bartholin. de causis contemptæ mortis*, p. 344. For a fuller account of these frantic champions see the *Hervorar Saga* published by Suhm; also the *Christni Saga*, and most of the ancient Norwegian histories and romances. Camden explains the tales of the Irish, concerning men transformed into wolves, upon nearly the same principle.—*Gough's edition of Camden's Britannia*, Vol. III. p. 520.

But, in process of time, the transformation into a wolf was believed to be real, and to affect the body as well as the mind. The learned commentators upon the art of sorcery, differ widely concerning the manner in which the arch fiend effects this change upon the persons of his vassals; whether, by surrounding their body with a sort of pellice of condensed air, having the form of an wolf; or whether by some delusion, affecting the eyes of the spectators; or finally, by an actual corporeal transformation. The curious reader may consult Delrii *Disquisitione Magicæ*, p. 188; and (if he pleases) Evvichius *de natura Sagarum*.—Fincelius *lib. 2, de mirac.*—Remigius *lib. 2, de Dæmonolat.*—Binsfeld. *de confession. maleficarum.*—Not to mention Spondanus, Bodinus, Peucerus, Philippus Camerarius, Condronchus, Peter Thyræus, Bartholomeus Spineus, Sir Geo. Mackenzie, and King James I. with the sapient Monsieur Oufle of Bayle. *Warwolf* is derived from the Saxon *wer*, a man. The editor presumes it is only since the extirpation of wolves, that our British sorceresses have adopted the disguise of hares, cats, and such more familiar animals.

A wild story of a warwolf, or rather a war bear, is told in **Torfœus'** history of Hrolfe Kraka. As the original is a scarce book, and little known in this country, some readers may be interested by a short analysis of the tale.

Hringo, King of Upland, had an only son, called **Biorno**, the most beautiful and most gallant of the Norwegian youth. At an advanced period of life, the King became enamoured of a "*witch lady*," whom he chose for his second wife. A mutual and tender affection had, from infancy, subsisted betwixt **Biorno**, and **Bera**, the lovely daughter of an ancient warrior. But the new Queen cast upon her step-son an eye of incestuous passion; to gratify which, she prevailed upon her husband, when he set out upon one of those piratical expeditions which formed the summer campaign of a Scandinavian monarch, to leave the prince at home. In the absence of **Hringo**, she communicated to **Biorno** her impure affection, and was repulsed with disdain and violence. The rage of the weird step-mother was boundless. "Hence to the woods!" she exclaimed, striking the prince with a glove of wolf-skin; "Hence to the woods! subsist only on thy father's herds; live pursuing, and die pursued." From this time the prince **Biorno** was no more seen, and the herdsmen of the King's cattle soon observed that astonishing devastation was nightly made among their flocks, by a black bear, of immense size, and unusual ferocity. Every attempt to snare or destroy this animal was found vain; and much was the unavailing regret for the absence of **Biorno**, whose delight had been in extirpating beasts of prey. **Bera**, the faithful mistress of the young prince, added her tears to the sorrow of the people. As she was indulging her melancholy, apart from society, she was alarmed by the approach of the monstrous bear, which was the dread of the whole country. Unable to escape, she waited its approach in expectation of instant death; when, to her astonishment, the animal fawned upon her, rolled himself at her feet, and regarded her with eyes, in which, spite of the horrible transformation, she still recognized the glances of her lost lover. **Bera** had the courage to follow the bear to his cavern, where, during certain hours, the spell permitted him to resume his human shape. Her love overcame her repugnance at so strange a mode of life, and she continued to inhabit the cavern of BIORNO, enjoying his society during the periods of his freedom from enchantment. One day, looking sadly upon his wife, "BERA," said the prince, "the end of my life approaches. My flesh will soon "serve for the repast of my father and his courtiers. But, do thou beware least either the threats or entreaties of my diabolical step-mother induce thee to partake of the horrid banquet. So shalt thou safely bring forth three sons, who shall be the wonder of the North." The spell now operated, and the unfortunate prince sallied from his cavern to prowl among the herds. BERA followed him, weeping, and at a distance. The clamour of the chace was soon heard. It was the old King, who, returned from his piratical excursion, had collected a strong force to destroy the devouring animal which ravaged his country. The poor bear defended himself gallantly, slaying many dogs, and some huntsmen. At length, wearied out, he sought protection at the feet of his father. But his supplicating gestures were in vain, and the eyes of paternal affection proved more dull than those of love. BIORNO died by the lance of his father, and his flesh was prepared for the royal banquet. BERA was recognized, and hurried into the Queen's presence. The sorceress, as BIORNO had predicted, endeavoured to prevail upon BERA to eat of what was then esteemed a regal dainty. Entreaties and threats being in vain, force was, by the Queen's command, employed for this purpose, and BERA was compelled to swallow one morsel of the bear's flesh. A second was put into her mouth, but she had an opportunity of putting it aside. She was then dismissed to her father's house. Here, in process of time, she was delivered of three sons, two of whom were affected variously, in person and disposition, by the share their mother had been compelled to take in the feast of the King. The eldest, from his middle downwards, resembled an Elk, whence he derived the name of ELGFROD. He proved a man of uncommon strength, but of savage manners, and adopted the profession of a robber. THORER, the second son of BERA, was handsome and well shaped, saving that he had the foot of a dog; from which he obtained the appellation of HOUNDSFOOT. But BODVAR, the third son, was a model of perfection in mind and body. He revenged upon the necromantic Queen the death of his father, and became the most celebrated champion of his age.

Historia Hrolfi Krakæ, Hafniæ, 1715.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.

NOW

FIRST PUBLISHED IN A PERFECT STATE.

This ballad is now for the first time published in a perfect state. A fragment, comprehending the 2d, 4th, 5th, and 6th verses, as also the 17th, has appeared in several collections. The present copy is chiefly taken from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian; the same from whom were obtained the variations in the tale of *Tamlane*, and the fragment of the *Wife of Usher's Well*, which is the next in order.

The tale is much the same with the Breton romance, called *Lay Le Frain*, or the *Song of the Ash*. Indeed, the editor is convinced that the farther our researches are extended, the more we shall see ground to believe, that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgements of the ancient metrical romances, narrated in a smoother stanza, and more modern language. A copy of the ancient romance, alluded to, is preserved in the invaluable collection (W. 4. 1.) of the advocate's library, and begins thus:

We redeth oft and findeth ywrite
And this clerkes wele it wite
Layes that ben in harping
Ben yfound of ferli thing
Sum beth of wer and sum of wo
Sum of joye and mirthe also
And sum of trecherie and of gile
Of old aventours that fel while
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy
And many ther beth of faery
Of al thinges that men seth
Maist o' love forsoth yai beth

In Breteyne bi hold time
This layes were wrought so seithe this rime
When Kinges might our y here
Of ani mervailes that ther were;
They token a harp in glee and game
And maked a lay and gaf it name
Now of this aventours that weren y falle
Y ean tel sum ae nought alle
Ac herkeneth Lordinges sothe to sain
I chil you tel LAY LE FRAIN
Bifel a eas in Briteyne
Whereof was made Lay le Frain
In Ingliche for to tellen y wis
Of ane asche forsothe it is
On ane ensammple fair with alle
That sum time was bi falle &c.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.

—“ It’s narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane,
For I’m ga’n o’er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame ;
Wi’ her I will get gowd and gear,
Wi’ you I ne’er got nane.

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale ;
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o’er the dale?”—

—“ It’s I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale ;
And I will welcome your brisk bride
That you bring o’er the dale.”—

—" But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."—

—" But how can I gang maiden like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not borne seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"—

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

—" Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea strand,
And see your father's new come bride,
Before she come to land."—

—" Come down, come down, my mother dear!
Come frae the castle wa';
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'."—

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the top-mast and the main-mast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand,
I wot she didna fail;
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they cam o'er the dale.

—" You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

" You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,
You're welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a' that's here is your's."—

—" I thank thee, Annie, I thank thee, Annie,
  Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sitser, Annie,
  That ever I did see.—

" There came a knight out o'er the sea,
  And steal'd my sister away;
The shame scoup[*] in his company,
  And land where'er he gae!"—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
  Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
  Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables,
  With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
  To had her colour fine[†].

And aye she served the lang tables,
  With white bread and with brown.
And aye she turned her round about,
  Sae fast the tears fall down.

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[*] *Scoup*—Go, or rather fly.

[†] To keep her from changing countenance.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
A' down her cheik and chin.

And aye he turned him round about,
And smil'd amang his men:
Says—" Like ye best the old ladye,
Or her that's new come hame?"—

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forebye,
To hear what they might say;
—" And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
" That I should see this day.

" Gin my seven sons were seven young rats.
Running on the castle wa',
And I were a grey cat mysell,
I soon would worry them a'.

" Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
Running o'er yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell,
Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And drearie was her sang ;
And ever as she sobb'd and grat,
—" Wae to the man that did the wrang."—

—" My gown is on," said the new come bride,
" My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.—

" What ails ye, what ails ye, fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan ?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone ?

" O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother ?
And had ye any sister, Annie,
Or had ye any brother ?"—

—"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."—

—"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine,
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tine.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim,
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son;
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame."—

THE WIFE OF USHER's WELL.

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her
  A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife,
  That her sons she'd never see.

—"I wish the wind may never cease,
  Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
  In earthly flesh and blood."—

It fell about the Martinmass,
  When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
  And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
  Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' paradise,
  That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * *

—" Blow up the fire, my maidens;
Bring water from the well:
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."—

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * *

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
—" 'Tis time we were away."—

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
—" Brother, we must awa.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw;
  The channerin'[*] worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
  A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
  Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
  That kindles my mother's fire."—

* * * * *

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[*] *Channerin'*.—Fretting.

NOTES

ON

THE WIFE OF USHER's WELL.

I wish the wind may never cease, &c.—P. 112. V. 2.

The sense of this verse is obscure, owing, probably, to corruption by reciters. It would appear, that the mother had sinned in the same degree with the celebrated *Lenoré.*

And their hats were o' the birk.—P. 112. V. 3.

The notion, that the souls of the blessed wear garlands, seems to be of Jewish origin. At least, in the *Maase-book*, there is a Rabinical tradition, to the following effect:

" It fell out that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient man, whose business was altogether about the dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there, who had a garland upon his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon, he, whom the Rabbi saw, called out to him, saying, " Be not afraid, " but pass forward: Dost thou not know me ?" Then said Rabbi Ponim, " Art thou not he whom I buried yesterday ?" And he was answered, " Yea, I am he." Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, " Why comest

" thou hither ? how fareth it with thee in the other world ?" And the apparition made answer, " It goeth well with me, and I am in high es- " teem in Paradise." Then said the Rabbi, " thou wert but looked " upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst " thou do, that thou art thus esteemed ?" The apparition answered, " I " will tell thee: The reason of the esteem I am in is, that I rose every " morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the " grace from the bottom of my heart: For which reason I now pro- " nounce grace in Paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubtest " whether I am the person, I will shew thee a token that shall convince " thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral at- " tire, thou didst tear my sleeve." Then asked Rabbi Ponim, " What " is the meaning of that garland ?" The apparition answered, " I wear " it, to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me, for " it consists of excellent herbs of Paradise." Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased : for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen amongst others, whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished. Wherefore, let every one utter his prayer with fervency, for then it shall go well with him in the other world. And let care be taken that no rent, nor tearing, be left in the apparel in which the deceased are interred."—*Jewish Traditions, abridged from Buxtorf, London* 1732. Vol. II. P. 19.

COSPATRICK.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A copy of this ballad, materially different from that which follows, appeared in Scotish Songs, 2 *vols. Edinburgh,* 1792, *under the title of* Lord Bothwell. *Some stanzas have been transferred from thence to the present copy, which is taken down from the recitation of a lady, nearly related to the editor. Some readings have been also adopted from a third copy, in* Mrs BROWN'S MS. *under the title of* Child Brenton. COSPATRICK (Comes Patricius) *was the designation of the Earl of* DUNBAR *in the days of* WALLACE *and* BRUCE.

Cospatrick has sent o'er the faem,
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The ladye by the grenewood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run ;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

—" O is your saddle set awrye ?
Or rides your steed for you owre high ?
Or are ye mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride ?"—

—" I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;
But I am sorrowing, in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good.

" But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrye ?"—
—" The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
" Will ill a gentle ladye please.

" Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

" Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsell o' your bour."—

The ladye's call'd her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train;
—" Five thousand merks I will gie thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into ae chamber they were laid.

—" Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed;
And speak, thou sheet, inchanted web;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"—

—“ It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded;
It is a liel maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be.”—

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claiths on did:
And he has ta'en him thro' the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

—“ I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in christen land!
I courted a maiden meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child.”—

—“ O stay my son into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merrymen a';
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour.

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the dure;
—“ O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?”—

—" O! hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

" It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome task was done,
We cast the kavils us amang,
To see which suld to the grene wood gang.

" O hon! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my wierd it was the hardest;
The kavil it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

" For to the grene wood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae;
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bour and mine.

" I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi' high coll'd hose and laigh coll'd shoon,
And he seem'd to be sum king's son.

" And be I maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day;
And be I maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

" He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair;
He gae me a carknet* o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

" He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing."—
—" What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there?"—

—" O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."—
—" Now stay, daughter, your bour within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."—

Oh she has ta'en her thro' the ha',
And on her son began to ca';
—" What did you wi' the bonny beads,
I bade ye keep against your needs?

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* *Carknet*—A necklace. Thus:
" She threw away her rings and *carknet* cleen."—Harrison's Translation of ORLANDO FURIOSO.—*Notes on book 37th.*

" What did you wi' the gay gowd ring,
I bade ye keep abune a' thing?"—
—" I gae them a' to a ladye gay,
I met in grene wood on a day.

" But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife."—

—" Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours;
Ye have that bright burd in your bours:
And keep, my son, your very life;
Ye have that ladye to your wife."—

Now or a month was cum and gane,
The ladye bore a bonny son;
And 'twas weel written on his breast bane,
Cospatrick is my father's name:
—" O rowe my ladye in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk."—

PRINCE ROBERT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

FROM THE RECITATION OF A LADY NEARLY RELATED TO THE EDITOR.

Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he daur na bring her hame.

—" Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear;
Your blessing now grant to me!"—
—" Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
And you'll get nae blessing frae me."—

She has called upon her waiting maid,
To fill a glass of wine;
She has called upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.

She has put it to her roudes* lip,
And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her fause fause mouth,
But the never a drop gaed in.

He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

—"O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you'll never hae mair."—

—"O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
To run sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come."—

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* *Roudes.*—Haggard.

Then up and spake a little boy,
  That wad win hose and shoon:
"—O I'll away to Darlinton,
  And bid fair Eleanor come."—

O he has run to Darlinton,
  And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell,
  To let the bonny boy in.

—"Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
  She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
  And ye maun cum till her and dine."—

It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
  The langest that ever were gane;
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
  And she cam linkin'* in.

But when she came to Sillertoun town,
  And into Sillertoun ha',
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
  And they were weeping a'.

---

* *Linkin'*.—Riding Briskly.

—" Oh! where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
Oh! where is now my wedded lord,
For him I canna see."—

—" Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
" And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
" And just gane to be buried the day.

" Ye'se get nane o' his gowd, ye'se get nane o' his gear,
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye'se na get an inch o' his gude broad land,
Tho' your heart suld burst in three."

—" I want nane of his gowd, I want nane of his gear,
I want nae land frae thee;
But I'll hae the ring that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me."—

—" Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,
Ye'se na get them frae me;
Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,
An' your heart suld burst in three."—

She's turned her back unto the wa',
And her face unto a rock ;
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair ;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier ;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear*.

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* The last two verses are common to many ballads, and are probably derived from some old metrical romance, since we find the idea occur in the conclusion of the voluminous history of Sir Tristram. "*Ores veit-il que de la tumbe de Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuilleue, qui alloit par la chapelle, et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbe d'Ysseult et entroit dedans.*" This marvellous plant was three times cut down ; but, continues *Rusticien de Puise*, "*Le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit cy-devant ètè, et ce miracle ètoit sur Tristan et sur Ysseult a tout jamais advenir.*"—

KING HENRIE.

THE ANCIENT COPY.

This ballad is edited from the MS. of Mrs BROWN, corrected by a recited fragment. A modernized copy has been published, under the title of *Courteous King Jamie.*—TALES OF WONDER, Vol. 2. p. 451.

The legend will remind the reader of *the Marriage of Sir Gawain*, in the RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, and of the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, in Father CHAUCER. But the original, as appears from the following quotation from TORFŒUS, is to be found in an Icelandic Saga.

" *Hellgius, Rex Daniæ, mærore ob amissam conjugem vex-*
" *atus, solus agebat et subducens se hominum commercio,*
" *segregem domum, omnis famulitii impatiens, incolebat.*
" *Accidit autem, ut nocte concubia, lamentabilis cujusdam*

" *ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit ; quod precibus obsecratus, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pensare didicisset, in domum intromisit ; ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixè flagitabat, addens id tanti referre, ut nisi impetraret, omnino sibi moriendum esset. Quod, ea lege, ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec complexu eam dignatus Rex, avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertit ; quæ statim ipsi placere cœpit : causam igitur tam repentinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti, respondit Virgo, se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatam, quoad thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam actis pro præstito beneficio gratiis, discessum maturans, a rege formæ ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem ex hoc congressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante fores positam in ædes reciperet, seque ejus patrem profiteri non gravaretur, secus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædixit : A quo præcepto cum rex postea exorbitasset nec præ foribus jacentem infantem pro suo agnoscere voluisset, ad eum iterum, sed corrugata* "*fronte, accessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum,* " *ab imminente periculo, præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exem-* " *pturam pollicebatur, ita tamen ut tota ultionis rabies in* " *filium ejus effusa graves aliquando levitatis illius pœnas* " *exigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commix-* " *tione Skulda, versuti et versatilis animi mulier, nata* " *fuisse memoratur; quæ utramque naturam participans* " *prodigiosorum operum effectrix perhibetur.*—Hrolfii Krakii, Hist. p. 49. Hafn. 1715.

KING HENRIE.

THE ANCIENT COPY.

Let never man a wooing wend,
That lacketh thingis thrie:
A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
And fu' o' courtesey.

And this was seen o' King Henrie,
For he lay burd alane;
And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's-ha',
Was seven miles frae a toun.

He's chaced the dun deer thro' the wood,
And the roe doun by the den,
Till the fattest buck, in a' the herd,
King Henrie he has slain.

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
  For to make burly cheir;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
  And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness cover'd a' the hall,
  Where they sat at their meat:
The gray dogs, youling, left their food,
  And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder houled the rising wind,
  And burst the fast'ned door;
And in there came a griesly ghost,
  Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
  Her middle ye well mot span:
Each frighted huntsman fled the ha',
  And left the king alone.

Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,
  Her nose like club or mell;
And I ken nae thing she appeared to be,
  But the fiend that wons in hell.

—" Sum meat, sum meat, ye King Henrie;
Sum meat ye gie to me."—
—" And what meat's in this house, ladye,
That ye're nae wellcum tee*?"—
—" O ye's gae kill your berry brown steed,
And serve him up to me."—

O when he killed his berry brown steed,
Wow gin his heart was sair!
She eat him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

—" Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie;
Mair meat ye gie to me."—
—" And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"—
—" O ye do slay your gude gray houndes,
And bring them a' to me."—

O when he slew his gude gray houndes,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

---

* *Tee* for *to* is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.

—" Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie;
  Mair meat ye gie to me."—
—" And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
  That I hae left to gie?"—
—" O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
  And bring them a' to me."—

O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,
  Wow but his heart was sair!
She's eat them a' up, bane by bane,
  Left naething but feathers bare.

—" Sum drink, sum drink, ye king Henrie;
  Sum drink ye gie to me."—
—" And what drink's in this house, ladye,
  That ye're nae welleum tee?"—
—" O ye sew up your horse's hide,
  And bring in a drink to me."—

O he has sew'd up the bluidy hide,
  And put in a pipe of wine;
She drank it up a' at ae draught,
  Left nae a drap therein.

—“ A bed, a bed, ye king Henrie;
A bed ye mak to me.”—
—“ And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,
That ye're nae wellcum tee?—
—“ O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And mak a bed to me.”—

O pu'ed has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it he has spread.

—“ Now swear, now swear, ye king Henrie,
To take me for your bride.”—
—“ O God forbid,”—king Henrie said,
“ That e'er the like betide!
That e'er the fiend that wons in hell,
Should streak down by my side.”—

* * * * * *

When day was come, and night was gane,
And the sun shone through the ha',
The fairest ladye, that e'er was seen,
Lay atween him and the wa'.

—" O weel is me!"—king Henrie said;
" How long will this last wi' me?"—
And out and spak that ladye fair—
—" E'en till the day ye die.

" For I was witched to a ghastly shape,
All by my stepdame's skill,
Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight,
Wad gie me a' my will."—

ANNAN WATER.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

The following verses are the original words of the tune of " *Allan Water*," by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge, over the Annan, was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. By the *Gatehope Slack*, is perhaps meant the *Gate-slack*, a pass in Annandale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of **Burns** proceeds thus: "I once "in my early days heard, (for it was night, and I could "not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, "but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that "river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the "night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. "The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the "common expression, brought in the water *three foot a-"breast.* The traveller got upon a standing net a little "way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the "post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the "tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and "amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at in-"tervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go "to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the "sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. "But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor "traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and "bleaching in the wind."—

ANNAN WATER.

—" Annan water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonnie;
And I am laith she shuld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

" Gar saddle me the bonny black;
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready:
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye."—

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonnie gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare;
But when she wan the Annan water,
She could na hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded* at her.

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy* coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast.
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye.

* *Wadded.*—Wagered.

Quære.—Cap-a-pee?

—" O wae betide the frush[†] saugh wand !
And wae betide the bush of briar !
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

" And wae betide ye, Annan water !
This night that ye are a drumlie river ;
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."—

[†] *Frush.*—Fresh.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

This ballad differs essentially from that which has been published in various collections, under the title of *Binnorie.* It is compiled from a copy in Mrs Brown's MS. intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to the editor by J. C. Walker, Esq. the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr Walker, at the same time, favoured the editor with the following note:—" I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss " Brookes, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her " account of it was as follows: This song was tran" scribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old " woman, who had no recollection of the concluding " verses: probably the beginning may also be lost, as it

" seems to commence abruptly."—The first verse and burden of the fragment run thus :

O sister, sister, reach thy hand ;
Hey ho my Nanny, O ;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonny, O.

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of *Hey Nonny Nonny*, alluded to in the song beginning " *Sigh no more, ladye.*"—The chorus retained in this edition is the most common and popular; but Mrs Brown's copy bears a yet different burden, beginning thus :

There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough ;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye ;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St Johnstoun stands upon Tay.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

There were two sisters sat in a bour ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
There came a knight to be their wooer ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon his life ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
—"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's tae'n her by the lilly hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dashed her bonnie back to the jaw,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be heir of all your land:
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It's twin'd me, and my world's make."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—"O sister, reach me but your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—" Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Untill she came to the miller's dam,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—" O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's either a mermaid or a milkwhite swan."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drowned woman,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could na see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that ladye on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid this harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

—" O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

" And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William sweet and true."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was " Woe to my sister, false Helen !"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

LAMENT OF THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

" In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes " to public knowledge a haynous murther committed in " the court; yea not far from the Queen's lap: for a " French woman that served in the Queen's chamber " had played the whore with the Queen's own apothe- " cary; the woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, " with common consent, the father and mother murther- " ed; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, " searche was made, the childe and the mother were both " apprehended, and so was the man and the woman con- " demned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edin-

" burgh. The punishment was suitable, because the " crime was hainous. But yet was not the court pur- " ged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine " of such enormities; for it was well known that shame " hasted marriage betwixt JOHN SEMPILL, called the " dancer, and MARY LERINGSTON, sirnamed the Lusty. " What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of " the court had, the ballads of that age do witnesse, " which we for modesties sake omit; but this was the " common complaint of all godly and wise men, that if " they thought such a court could long continue, and if " they looked for no better life to come, they would have " wished their sonnes and daughters rather to have been " brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been " exercised with flinging upon a floore, and in the rest " that thereof followes, than to have been exercised in " the company of the godly, and exercised in virtue, " which in that court was hated, and filthenesse not only maintained but also rewarded; witnesse the abbey " of Abercorne, the barony of Auchvermuchtie, and divers others pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, " given in heritage to skippers and dancers, and dalliers " with dames. This was the beginning of the regiment of " MARY, Queen of Scots, and these were the fruits that " she brought forth of France.--*Lord! look on our miseries!* " *and deliver us from the wickednesse of this corrupt court!*"

Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, p. 373-4.

Such is the melancholy subject of the following affecting fragment, as handed down to us by the stern Apostle of Presbytery. The ballad is much longer than here printed, and perhaps may be yet entirely recovered. The following verses are taken down from recitation.

LAMENT OF THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

—" O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let not my father nor mother to wit,
The death that I maun die !"—

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughters three ;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The tear blinded her e'e.

—" Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,
And Marie Carmichael, and me."—

* * * * * *

NOTES

ON

LAMENT OF THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

We hear of the Queen's Maries in many ballads; and the name, which was perhaps adopted by some of the maids of honour, out of compliment to their unfortunate mistress, seems about this time to have passed into a general denomination for waiting women.

> "Now bear a hand, my Maries a',
> And busk me brave, and make me fine."
>
> *Fragment of an old ballad.*

When she came to the Netherbow port.—P. 154. V. 2.

The Netherbow port was the gate which divided the city of Edinburgh from the suburb called the Cannongate. It had towers and a spire, which formed a fine termination to the view from the Cross. The gate was pulled down, in one of those fits of rage for indiscriminate destruction with which the magistrates of a corporation are sometimes visited.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART FIRST.

The following well known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date. Such evidence, however, he has been able to procure; having been favoured, through the kind intervention of Dr SOMERVILLE (well known to the literary world as the historian of KING WILLIAM, &c.) with the following authentic copy of the *Flowers of the Forest.*

From the same respectable authority the editor is enabled to state, that the tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the two following lines of the first stanza :

I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking,
— — — —
— — — —
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Some years after the song was composed, a lady, who is now dead, repeated to the author another imperfect line of the original ballad, which presents a simple and affecting image to the mind:

—" I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."—

The first of these trifling fragments, joined to the remembrance of the fatal battle of Flodden (in the calamities accompanying which the inhabitants of Etricke Forest suffered a distinguished share), and to the present solitary and desolate appearance of the country, excited in the mind of the author the ideas, which she has expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness which has seldom been equalled.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st at the shearing, nae youths now are jearing;
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

The following explanation of provincial terms may be found useful.

Lilting—Singing chearfully. *Loaning*—A broad lane.—*Wede away*—weeded out. *Scorning*—Rallying. *Dowie*—Drearie. *Daffing and Gabbing*—Joking and Chatting. *Leglin*—Milk-pail. *Ha'rst*—Harvest. *Shearing*—Reaping. *Bandsters*—Sheaf-binders. *Runkled*—Wrinkled. *Lyart*—Inclining to grey. *Fleeching*—Coaxing. *Gloaming*—Twilight.

NOTE

ON

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

At fair, or at preaching.—P. 158. V. 3.

These lines have been said to contain an anachronism; the supposed date of the lamentation being about the period of the field of Flodden. The editor can see no ground for this charge. Fairs were held in Scotland from the most remote antiquity; and are, from their very nature, scenes of pleasure and gallantry. The preachings of the friars were indeed, professedly, meetings for a graver purpose; but we have the authority of the *Wife of Bath* (surely most unquestionable in such a point) that they were frequently perverted to places of rendezvous.

> I had the better leisur for to pleie,
> And for to see, and eke for to be seie
> Of lusty folk. What wist I where my grace
> Was shapen for to be, or in what place?
> Therefore I made my visitations
> To vigilies and to processions:
> *To preachings eke*, and to thise pilgrimages,
> To plays of miracles, and marriages &c.
>
> *Canterbury Tales.*

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART SECOND.

The following verses, adapted to the ancient air of the *Flowers of the Forest*, are, like the elegy which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston (whose father was Lord Chief Justice Clerk of Scotland), was the authoress. Mrs Cockburn has been dead but a few years. Even at an age advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost præternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.

The verses which follow were written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick forest.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay :
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly* and dark as they rolled on their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

[*] *Drumly*—discoloured.

THE LAIRD OF MUIRHEAD.

This ballad is a fragment from Mr HERD's *MS. communicated to him by* J. GROSSETT MUIRHEAD, *at Breadesholm, near Glasgow, who stated that he extructed it, as relating to his own family, from the complete song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned, contained in a large collection belonging to* Mr ALEXANDER MONRO, *merchant in Lisbon, supposed now to be lost.*

It appears, from the appendix to Nesbit's Heraldry, p. 264, *that* MUIRHEAD *of Lachop and Bullis, the person here called the* Laird of Muirhead, *was a man of rank, being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown lands in Galloway; and was in truth slain,* "in Campo Belli de Northumberland sub vexillo Regis," i. e. *in the field of Flodden.*

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Afore the king in order stude
The stout laird of Muirhead,
Wi' that sam twa-hand muckle sword
That Bartram felled stark deid.

He sware he wadna lose his right
To fight in ilka field;
Nor budge him from his liege's sight,
Till his last gasp should yield.

Twa hunder mair, of his ain name,
Frae Torwood and the Clyde,
Sware they would never gang to hame,
But a' die by his syde.

And wondrous weil they kept their troth;
This sturdy royal band
Rush'd down the brae, wi' sic a frith,
That nane cou'd them withstand.

Mony a bludy blow they delt,
The like was never seen;
And hadna that braw leader fallen,
They ne'er had slain the king.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

TALE OF TAMLANE.

ON THE FAIRIES OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

In a work, avowedly dedicated to the preservation of the poetry and traditions of the "olden time," it would be unpardonable to omit this opportunity of making some observations upon so interesting an article of the popular creed, as that concerning the Elves, or Fairies. The general idea of spirits, of a limited power, and subordinate nature, dwelling among the woods and mountains, is, perhaps, common to all nations. But the intermixture of tribes, of languages, and religion, which has occurred in Europe, renders it difficult to trace the origin of the names which have been bestowed upon such spirits, and the primary ideas which were entertained concerning their manners and habits.

The word *Elf*, which seems to have been the original name of the beings, afterwards denominated Fairies, is of Gothic origin, and probably signified, simply, a spirit of a lower order. Thus, the Saxons had not only *dun-elfen*, *berg-elfen*, and *munt-elfen*, spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains; but also *feld-elfen*, *wudu-elfen*, *sae-elfen*, and *wæter-elfen*; spirits, of the fields, of the woods, of the sea, and of the waters. In low German, the same latitude of expression occurs; for night hags are termed *aluinnen*, and *aluen*, which is sometimes latinized *eluæ*. But the prototype of the English elf is to be sought chiefly in the *berg-elfen*, or *duergar* of the Scandinavians. From the most early of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as from the Edda itself, we learn the belief of the northern nations in a race of dwarfish spirits, inhabiting the rocky mountains, and approaching in some respects to the human nature. Their attributes, amongst which we recognise the features of the modern fairy, were, supernatural wisdom and prescience, and skill in the mechanical arts, escially in the fabrication of arms. They are farther described as capricious, vindictive, and easily irritated. The story of the elfin sword, *Tyrfing*, may be the most pleasing illustration of this position. SUAFURLAMI, a Scandinavian monarch, returning from hunting, bewildered himself among the mountains. About sunset, he beheld a large rock, and two dwarfs sitting before the mouth of a cavern. The king drew his sword, and intercepted their retreat, by springing betwixt them and their recess, and imposed upon them the following condition of safety; that they should make for him a faulchion, with a baldric and scabbard of pure gold, and a blade, which should divide stones and iron as a garment, and which should render the wielder ever victorious in battle. The elves complied with the requisition, and SUAFURLAMI pursued his way home. Returning at the time appointed, the dwarfs delivered to him the famous sword, *Tyrfing* ; then, standing in the entrance of their cavern, spoke thus: "This sword, O king, shall destroy a man every time it is brandished; but it shall perform three atrocious deeds, and it shall be thy bane." The king rushed forward with the charmed sword, and buried both its edges in the rock; but the dwarfs escaped into their recesses*. This enchanted sword emitted rays like the sun, dazzling all against whom it was brandished; it divided steel like water, and was never unsheathed without slaying a man.—*Hervarar Saga*, p. 9. Similar to this was the enchanted sword, *Skoffnung*, which was taken by a pirate out of the tomb of a Norwegian monarch. Many such tales are narrated in the Sagas; but the most distinct account of the *duergar*, or elves, and their attributes, is to be found in a preface of TORFAEUS to the history of Hrolf Kraka, who cites a dissertation by EINAR GUDMUND, a learned native of Iceland. " I am firmly of opinion," says the Icelander, " that these beings are creatures of God, consisting, like human beings, of a body and rational soul; " that they are of different sexes, and capable of producing children, and subject to all human affections, as " sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, poverty and " wealth; and that they possess cattle, and other effects, " and are obnoxious to death, like other mortals." He proceeds to state, that the females of this race are capable of procreating with mankind; and gives an account of one who bore a child to an inhabitant of Iceland, for whom she claimed the privilege of baptism, depositing the infant for that purpose at the gate of the church-yard, together with a goblet of gold as an offering.—*Historia Hrolfi Krakæ, a* TORFAEO.

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* Perhaps, in this, and similar tales, we may recognise something of real history. That the Fins, or ancient natives of Scandinavia, were driven into the mountains, by the invasion of Odin and his Asiatics, is sufficiently probable ; and there is reason to believe, that the aboriginal inhabitants understood, better than the intruders, how to manufacture the produce of their own mines. It is therefore possible, that, in process of time, the oppressed Fins may have been transformed into the supernatural *duergar*. A similar transformation has taken place among the vulgar in Scotland, regarding the Picts, or Pechs, to whom they ascribe various supernatural attributes.

Similar to the traditions of the Icelanders, are those current among the Laplanders of Finland, concerning a subterranean people, gifted with supernatural qualities, and inhabiting the recesses of the earth. Resembling men in their general appearance, the manner of their existence, and their habits of life, they far excel the miserable Laplanders in perfection of nature, felicity of situation, and skill in mechanical arts. From all these advantages, however, after the partial conversion of the Laplanders, the subterranean people have derived no farther credit, than to be confounded with the devils and magicians of the dark ages of christianity; a degradation, which, as will shortly be demonstrated, has been also suffered by the harmless fairies of Albion, and indeed by the whole host of deities, of learned Greece, and mighty Rome. The ancient opinions are yet so firmly rooted, that the Laps of Finland, at this day, boast of an intercourse with these beings, in banquets, dances, and magical ceremonies, and even in the more intimate commerce of gallantry. They talk with triumph of the feasts which they have shared in the elfin caverns, where wine and tobacco, the productions of the fairy region, went round in abundance, and whence the mortal guest, after receiving the kindest treatment, and the most salutary counsel, has been conducted to his tent by an escort of his supernatural entertainers.—JESSENS, *de Lapponibus.*

The superstitions of the islands of Feroe, concerning their *Froddenskemen*, or underground people, are derived from the *duergar* of Scandinavia. These beings are supposed to inhabit the interior recesses of mountains, which they enter by invisible passages. Like the fairies, they are supposed to steal human beings. " It happened" says Debes, p. 354, " a good while since, when the burgers " of Bergen had the commerce of Feroe, that there was " a man in Servaade, called Jonas Soideman, who was " kept by spirits in a mountain, during the space of seven " years, and at length came out; but lived afterwards in " great distress and fear, least they should again take him " away; wherefore people were obliged to watch him in " the night." The same author mentions another young man who had been carried away, and, after his return, was removed a second time upon the eve of his marriage. He returned in a short time, and narrated, that the spirit that had carried him away was in the shape of a most beautiful woman, who pressed him to forsake his bride, and remain with her; urging her own superior beauty and splendid appearance. He added, that he saw the men who were employed to search for him, and heard them call; but that they could not see him, nor could he answer them, till, upon his determined refusal to listen to the spirit's persuasions, the spell ceased to operate. The kidney shaped West Indian bean, which is sometimes driven upon the shore of the Feroes, is termed by the natives the *Fairie's kidney*.

In these traditions of the Gothic and Finnish tribes, we may recognise with certainty the rudiments of Elfin superstition; but we must look to various other causes for the modifications which it has undergone. These are to be sought in the traditions of the east, in the wreck and confusion of the Gothic mythology, in the tales of chivalry, in the fables of classical antiquity, in the influence of the christian religion, and finally, in the creative imagination of the 16th century. It may be proper to notice the effect of these various causes, before stating the popular belief of our own time regarding the Fairies.

To the traditions of the east, the Fairies of Britain owe, I think, little more than the appellation by which they have been distinguished since the days of the crusade. The term *Fairy* occurs, not only in CHAUCER, and in yet older English authors, but also, and more frequently, in the Romance language, from which they seem to have adopted it. DUCANGE cites the following passage from GUL. GUIART, in *Historia Francica*, MS.

Plusieurs parlent de Guenart,
Du Lou, de L'Asne, de Renart,
De *Faëries* et de Songes,
De phantosmes et de mensonges.

The *Lay le Frain*, in a passage quoted at length in this volume, p. 103, enumerating the subjects of the Breton Layes, informs us expressly—

Many ther beth of *Faery*.

By some etymologists of that learned class, who not only know whence words come, but also whither they are going, the term *Fairy*, or *Faërie*, is derived from *Faë*, which is again derived from *Nympha*. It is more probable the term is of oriental origin, and is derived from the Persic, through the medium of the Arabic. In Persic, the term *Peri* expresses a species of imaginary being, which resembles the Fairy in some of its qualities, and is one of the fairest creatures of romantic fancy. This superstition must have been known to the Arabs, among whom the Persian tales, or romances, even as early as the time of MAHOMET, were so popular, that it required the most terrible denunciations of that legislator to proscribe them. Now, in the enunciation of the Arabs, the term *Peri* would sound *Fairy*, the letter P not occurring in the alphabet of that nation; and, as the chief intercourse of the early crusaders was with the Arabs, or Saracens, it is probable they would adopt the term according to their pronunciation. Neither will it be considered as an objection to this opinion, that in HESYCHIUS, the Ionian term *Phereas*, or *Pheres*, denotes the Satyrs of classical antiquity, if the number of words of oriental origin in that lexicographer be recollected. Of the Persian Peris, OUSELEY, in his Persian Miscellanies, has described some characteristic traits, with all the luxuriance of a fancy, impregnated with the oriental association of ideas. However vaguely their nature and appearance is described, they are uniformly represented as gentle, amiable females, to whose character beneficence and beauty are essential. None of them are mischievous or malignant, none of them are deformed or diminutive, like the Gothic Fairy. Though they correspond in beauty with our ideas of angels, their employments are dissimilar; and, as they have no place in heaven, their abode is different. Neither do they resemble those intelligences, whom, on account of their wisdom, the Platonists denominated Dæmons; nor do they correspond either to the guardian Genii of the Romans, or the celestial virgins of Paradise, whom the Arabs denominate Houri. But the Peris hover in the balmy clouds, live in the colours of the rainbow, and, as the exquisite purity of their nature rejects all nourishment grosser than the odours of flowers, they subsist by inhaling the fragrance of the jessamine and rose. Though their existence is not commensurate with the bounds of human life, they are not exempted from the common fate of mortals. With the Peris, in Persian mythology, are contrasted the *Dives*, a race of beings who differ from them in sex, appearance, and disposition. These are represented as of the male sex, cruel, wicked, and of the most hideous aspect; or, as they are described by Mr FINCH, "with ugly shapes, long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs, ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible difformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith." Though they live very long, their lives are limited, and they are obnoxious to the blows of a human foe. From the malignancy of their nature, they not only wage war with mankind, but persecute the Peris with unremitting ferocity. Such are the brilliant and fanciful colours in which the imaginations of the Persian poets have depicted the charming race of the Peris; and, if we consider the romantic gallantry of the knights of chivalry, and of the crusaders, it will not appear improbable that their charms might occasionally fascinate the fervid imagination of an amorous troubadour. But further; the intercourse of France and Italy with the moors of Spain, and the prevalence of the Arabic, as the language of science in the dark ages, facilitated the introduction of their mythology amongst the nations of the west. Hence, the romances of France, of Spain, and of Italy, unite in describing the Fairy as an inferior spirit, in a beautiful female form, possessing many of the amiable qualities of the eastern Peri. Nay, it seems sufficiently clear, that the romancers borrowed from the Arabs, not merely the general idea concerning those spirits, but even the names of individuals amongst them. The Peri, *Mergian Banou*, celebrated in the ancient Persian poetry, figures in the European romances under the various names of *Mourgue La Faye*, sister to King *Artha; Urgande La Deconnue*, protectress of *Amadis de Gaul;* and the *Fata Morgana* of BOIARDO and ARIOSTO. The description of these nymphs, by the troubadours and minstrels, is in no respect inferior to those of the Peris. In the tale of *Sir Launfal*, in WAY's *Fabliaux*, as well as in that of *Sir Gruelan*, in the same interesting collection, the reader will find the fairy of Normandy, or Bretagne, adorned with all the splendour of eastern description. The fairy *Melusina*, also, who married a count of POICTOU, under condition that he should never attempt to intrude upon her privacy, was of this latter class. She bore the count many children, and erected for him a magnificent castle by her magical art. Their harmony was uninterrupted, until the prying husband broke the conditions of their union, by concealing himself to behold his wife make use of her enchanted bath. Hardly had *Melusina* discovered the indiscreet intruder, than, transforming herself into a dragon, she departed with a loud yell of lamentation, and was never again visible to mortal eyes; although, even in the days of BRANTOME, she was supposed to be the protectress of her descendants, and was heard wailing, as she sailed upon the blast round the turrets of her castle, the night before it was demolished. For the full story the reader may consult the *Bibliotheque des Romans**. GERVASE of Til-

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Upon this, or some similar tradition, was founded the notion, which the inveteracy of national prejudice so easily diffused in Scotland, that the ancestor of the English monarchs, GEOFFREY PLANTAGENET, had actually married a dæmon. FORDUN, in order to explain the cruelty and ambition of EDWARD I. dedicates a chapter to shew "how the Kings of England are descended from the devil, by the mother's side."—*Fordun. Chron. Lib. 9th, cap. 6th.* The lord of a certain castle, called *Espervel*, was unfortunate enough to have a wife of the same class. Having observed for several years, that she always left the chapel before the mass was concluded, the baron, in a fit of obstinacy or curiosity, ordered his guard to detain her by force; of which the consebury, (p. 895, and 989,) assures us, that in his days the lovers of the Fadæ, or Fairies, were numerous; and describes the rules of their intercourse with as much accuracy as if he had himself been engaged in such an affair. While, however, the Fairy of warmer climes was thus held up as an object of desire and of affection, those of Britain, and more especially those of Scotland, were far from being so fortunate; but, retaining the unamiable qualities, and diminutive size, of the Gothic Elves, they only exchanged that term for the more popular appellation of Fairies.

Indeed, so singularly unlucky were the British fairies, that, as has already been hinted, amid the wreck of the Gothic mythology, consequent upon the introduction of christianity, they seem to have preserved with difficulty their own distinct characteristics, while, at the same time, they engrossed the mischievous attributes of several other classes of subordinate spirits, acknowledged by the nations of the north. The abstraction of children, for example, the well known practice of the modern fairy, seems, by the ancient Gothic nations, to have rather been ascribed to a species of night-mare, or hag, than to the *bèrg-elfen* or *duergar*. Thus, Gervase of Tilbury, in the *Otia Imperialia*, mentions certain hags, or Lamiæ, whose practice it was to enter in-

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quence was, that, unable to support the elevation of the host, she retreated through the air, carrying with her one side of the chapel, and several of the congregation.

to houses in the night time, to oppress the inhabitants while asleep, injure their persons and property, and carry off their children. He likewise mentions the *Dracæ*, a sort of water spirits, who inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers, by floating past them, on the surface of the water, in the shape of gold rings or cups. The women, thus seized, are employed as nurses, and, after seven years, are permitted to revisit earth. GERVASE mentions one woman, in particular, who had been allured by observing a wooden dish, or cup, float by her, while washing cloaths in a river. Being seized as soon as she reached the depths, she was conducted into one of these subterranean recesses, which she described as very magnificent, and employed as nurse to one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her residence in this capacity, having accidentally touched one of her eyes with an ointment of serpent's grease, she perceived, at her return to the world, that she had acquired the faculty of seeing the *dracæ*, when they intermingle themselves with men. Of this power she was, however, deprived by the touch of her ghostly mistress, whom she had one day incautiously addressed. It is a curious fact, that this story, in almost all its parts, is current in both the highlands and lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for Dracæ, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river*.

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* Indeed, many of the vulgar account it extremely dangerous to touch any thing, which they may happen to find, without *saining* (blessing) it,

The following Frisian superstition, related by **Schott**, in his *Physica Curiosa*, p. 362, on the authority of **Cornelius a Kempen**, coincides more accurately with the popular opinions concerning the Fairies, than even the Dracæ of **Gervase**. " In the time of the Emperor **Lotharius**, in 830," says he, " many spectres infested Friseland, particularly the white nymphs of the ancients, which the moderns denominate *witte wiven*, who inhabited a subterraneous cavern, formed in a wonderful manner without human art, on the top of a lofty mountain.—These were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers, shepherds watching their herds and flocks, and women newly delivered, with their children ; and convey them into their caverns, from which, subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, and all kinds of musical sounds, were heard to proceed." The same superstition

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the snares of the enemy being notorious and well attested. A poor woman of Tiviotdale, having been fortunate enough, as she thought herself, to find a wooden beetle, at the very time when she needed such an implement, seized it without pronouncing the proper blessing, and, carrying it home, laid it above her bed, to be ready for employment in the morning. At midnight, the window of her cottage opened, and a loud voice was heard calling upon some one within, by a strange and uncouth name which I have forgotten. The terrified cottager ejaculated a prayer, which we may suppose insured her personal safety ; while the enchanted implement of housewifery, tumbling from the bed-stead, departed by the window with no small noise and precipitation. In a humorous fugitive tract, the late Dr **Johnson** is introduced as disputing the authenticity of an apparition, merely because the spirit assumed the shape of a teapot, and of a shoulder of mutton. No doubt, a case so much in point, as that we have now quoted, would have removed his incredulity.

is detailed by **Bekker**, in his *World Bewitch'd*, p. 196, of the English translation. As the different classes of spirits were gradually confounded, the abstraction of children seems to have been chiefly ascribed to the elves, or fairies; yet not so entirely as to exclude hags and witches from the occasional exertion of their ancient privilege. In Germany, the same confusion of classes has not taken place. In the beautiful ballads of the *Erl King*, the *Water King*, and the *Mer-Maid*, we still recognize the ancient traditions of the Goths, concerning the Wald Elven and the Dracæ.

A similar superstition, concerning abstraction by dæmons, seems, in the time of **Gervase** of Tilbury, to have pervaded the greatest part of Europe. "In Catalonia," says that author, "there is a lofty mountain, named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises; and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the palace of dæmons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one **Peter de Cabinam**. Being one day teazed with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he, in his impatience, suddenly wished that the devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man who complained bitterly of the burthen he was constantly forced to bear. Upon enquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related, that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burden. As a proof of his assertion, he added, that the daughter of his fellow citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her, if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. PETER DE CABINAM, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and, in the name of God, demanded his daughter; when, a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of understanding, was wafted to him in a blast of wind. After some time, the person, who had been employed as the vehicle of the spirits, also returned, when he related where the palace of the spirits was situated; but added, that none were permitted to enter but those who devoted themselves entirely to the spirits, those who had been rashly committed to the devil by others, being only permitted, during their probation, to enter the porch." It may be proper to observe, that the superstitious idea, concerning the lake on the top of the mountain, is common to almost every high hill in Scotland. Wells, or pits, on the top of high hills, were likewise supposed to lead to the subterranean habitations of the Fairies.—Thus, GERVASE relates (p. 975) " that he was informed the swine-herd of WILLIAM PEVEREL, an English baron, having lost a brood-sow, descended through a deep abyss, in the middle of an ancient ruinous castle, situated on the top of a hill, called Bech, in search of it. Though a violent wind commonly issued from this pit, he found it calm; and pursued his way, till he arrived at a subterraneous region, pleasant and cultivated, with reapers cutting down corn, though the snow remained on the surface of the ground above. Among the ears of corn he discovered his sow, and was permitted to ascend with her, and the pigs which she had farrowed." Though the author seems to think that the inhabitants of this cave might be *Antipodes*, yet, as many such stories are related of the Fairies, it is probable that this narration is of the same kind. Of a similar nature seems to be another superstition, mentioned by the same author, concerning the ringing of invisible bells, at the hour of one, in a field in the vicinity of Carleol, which, as he relates, was denominated *Laikibraine*, or *Lai ki brait*. From all these tales, we may perhaps be justified in supposing, that the faculties and habits ascribed to the Fairies, by the superstition of latter days, comprehend several originally attributed to other classes of inferior spirits.

The notions, arising from the spirit of chivalry, combined to add to the Fairies certain qualities, less atrocious indeed, but equally formidable with those which they derived from the last mentioned source, and alike inconsistent with the powers of the Duergar, whom we may term their primitive prototype. From an early period, the daring temper of the northern tribes urged them to defy even the supernatural powers. In the days of CÆSAR, the Suevi were described by their countrymen, as a people with whom the immortal Gods dared not venture to contend. At a later period, the historians of Scandinavia paint their heroes and champions, not as bending at the altar of their deities, but wandering into remote forests and caverns, descending into the recesses of the tomb, and extorting boons, alike from Gods and Dæmons, by dint of the sword and battle-axe. I will not detain the reader by quoting instances, in which heaven is thus described as having been literally attempted by storm. He may consult SAXO, OLAUS WORMIUS, OLAUS MAGNUS, TORFAEUS, BARTHOLIN, and other northern antiquaries. With such ideas of superior beings, the Normans, Saxons, and other Gothic tribes, brought their ardent courage to ferment yet more highly in the genial climes of the south, and under the blaze of romantic chivalry. Hence, during the dark ages, the invisible world was modelled after the material; and the saints, to the protection of whom the knights errant were accustomed to recommend themselves, were accoutered like *preux chevaliers* by the ardent imaginations of their votaries. With such ideas concerning the inhabitants of the celestial regions, we ought not to be surprised to find the inferior spirits, of a more dubious nature and origin, equipped in the same disguise. GERVASE of Tilbury, *(Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic*, VOL. 1, p. *797)* relates the following popular story concerning a Fairy knight. " *Osbert*, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that, if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would immediately be encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. *Osbert* resolved to make the experiment, and set out attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at *Osbert*, wounded him in the thigh. *Osbert* returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, *Osbert* perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. GERVASE adds, that as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh, on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit*."

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* The unfortunate CHATTERTON was not, probably, acquainted with GERVASE of Tilbury; yet he seems to allude, in the *Battle of*

To the same current of warlike ideas, we may safely attribute the long train of military processions which the Fairies are occasionally supposed to exhibit. The elves, indeed, seem in this point to be identified with the aerial host, termed, during the middle ages, the *Milites Herlikini*, or *Herleurini*, celebrated by PET. BLESENSIS, and termed, in the life of St THOMAS of Canterbury, the *Familia Helliquinii.* Such was also the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague,

> "With ghastly faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

but which disappeared upon recitation of the magical words, *Vezelé, Vezelé, ho! ho! ho!*—For similar delusions, see DELRIUS, p. 294, 295.

The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aerial warriors; and it is still currently believed, that he, who has courage to rush upon a Fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to HENRY I. by a lord of Colchester.—GERVAS. TILB. p. 980. A goblet is still preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is

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Hastings, to some modification of Sir *Osbert's* adventure—

So who they be that Ouphant fairies strike,
There souls shall wander to King Offa's dike.

The entrenchment, which served as lists for the combatants, is said by GERVASE to have been the work of the Pagan invaders of Britain.

supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of MUSGRAVE, in the manner above described. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

> If this cup either break or fall,
> Farewell the Luck of Edenhall!

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned by the duke of WHARTON:

> God prosper long, from being broke,
> The luck of Edenhall.
>
> *Parody on Chevy Chace.*

Some faint traces yet remain, on the borders, of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature, between mortals and the spirits of the wilds. This superstition is incidentally alluded to by JACKSON, at the beginning of the 17th century. The fern seed, which is supposed to become visible only on St John's Eve*, and at the very moment when the Baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the Queen of Faery.—But, as the seed was supposed to have the quality of rendering the possessor invisible at pleasure*, and to be also of sovereign use in charms and incantations, persons of courage, addicted to these mysterious arts, were wont to watch in solitude, to gather it at the moment when it should become visible. The particular charms, by which they fenced themselves during this vigil, are now unknown; but it was reckoned a feat of no small danger, as the person undertaking it was exposed to the most dreadful assaults from spirits, who dreaded the effect of this powerful herb in the hands of a cabalist. Such were the shades, which the original superstition, concerning the Fairies, received from the chivalrous sentiments of the middle ages.

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* Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallowed Eve abroad,
When goblins haunt, from fire and fen,
And wood and lake, the steps of men.

COLLINS'S *Ode to Fear.*

The whole history of Saint John the Baptist was by our ancestors accounted mysterious, and connected with their own superstitions. The Fairy queen was sometimes identified with Herodias.—DELRII *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 168, 807. It is amusing to observe, with what gravity the learned Jesuit contends, that it is heresy to believe that this celebrated figurante *(saltatricula)* still leads choral dances upon earth!

An absurd belief in the fables of classical antiquity, lent an additional feature to the character of the woodland spirits of whom we treat. Greece and Rome had not only assigned tutelary deities to each province and city, but had peopled with peculiar spirits, the seas, the rivers, the woods, and the mountains. The memory of the pagan creed was not speedily eradicated, in the extensive provinces through which it was once universally received; and, in many particulars, it continued long to mingle with and influence the original superstitions of the Gothic nations. Hence, we find the elves occasionally arrayed in the costume of Greece and Rome, and the

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* This is alluded to by SHAKESPEARE, and other authors of his time:

> "We have the receipt of *Fern-seed*; we walk invisible."
>
> HENRY IV. *part.* 1st, *Act.* 2, *Sc.* 3.

Fairy queen and her attendants transformed into Diana and her nymphs, and invested with their attributes and appropriate insignia.—DELRIUS, p. 168. 807. According to the same author, the Fairy queen was also called *Habundia.* Like Diana, who, in one capacity, was denominated *Hecate*, the goddess of enchantment, the Fairy queen is identified, in popular tradition, with the *Gyre-Carline, Gay Carline*, or mother witch, of the Scotish peasantry. Of this personage, as an individual, we have but few notices. She is sometimes termed *Nicneven*, and is mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland*, by LINDSAY in his *Dreme*, p. 225, Edit. 1590, and in his interludes, apud PINKERTON's *Scotish Poems*, V. 2. p. 18. But the traditionary accounts regarding her are too obscure to admit of explanation. In the burlesque fragment subjoined, which is copied from the BANNATYNE MS. the Gyre Carline is termed the *Queen of Jowis* (Jovis), and is, with great consistency, married to MOHAMMED*.

In Tiberius tyme, the trew imperatour,
Quhen Tynto hills fra skraiping of toun-henis was keipit,
Thair dwelt ane grit Gyre Carling in awld Betokis bour,
That levit upoun christiane menis flesche, and rewheids unleipit;
Thair wynit ane hir by, on the west syde, callit Blasour,
For luve of hir lauchane lippis, he walit and he weipit;
He gadderit ane menzie of modwartis to warp doun the tour:
The Carling with an yren club, quhen yat Blasour sleipit,
Behind the heil scho hatt him sic ane blaw,
Quhil Blasour bled ane quart
Off milk pottage inwart,
The Carling luche, and lut fart
North berwik law.

But chiefly in Italy were traced many dim characters of antient mythology, in the creed of tradition. Of this singular mixture the reader will find a curious specimen in the following tale, wherein the *Venus* of antiquity assumes the manners of one of the Fays, or Fatæ, of romance. In the year 1058, a young man of noble birth had been married at Rome, and, during the period of his nuptial feast, having gone with his companions to play at ball, he put his marriage ring on the finger of a broken statue of *Venus* in the area, to remain while he was engaged in the recreation. Desisting from the exercise, he found the finger, on which he had put his ring, contracted firmly against the palm, and attempted in vain either to break it, or to disengage his ring. He concealed the circumstance from his companions, and returned at night with a servant, when he found the finger extended, and his ring gone. He dissembled the loss, and returned to his wife; but, whenever he attempted to embrace her, he

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The king of fary than come, with elfis many ane,
And sett ane sege, and ane salt, with grit pensallis of pryd;
And all the doggis fra Dunbar, wes thair to Dumblane,
With all the tykis of Tervey, come to thame that tyd;
Thay quell doun with thair gonnes mony grit stane,
The Carling schup hir on ane sow, and is hir gaitis gane,
Gruntying our the Greik sie and durst na langer byd,
For brukling of bargane, and breiking of browis:
The Carling now for dispyte
Is mareit with Mahomyte,
And will the doggis interdyte,
For scho is quene of Jowis.

found himself prevented by something dark and dense, which was tangible, though not visible, interposing between them; and he heard a voice saying, " embrace me! for I am *Venus*, whom this day you wedded, and I will not restore your ring." As this was constantly repeated, he consulted his relations, who had recourse to *Palumbus*, a priest, skilled in necromancy. He directed the young man to go, at a certain hour of night, to a spot among the ruins of ancient Rome, where four roads met, and wait silently till he saw a company pass by, and then, without uttering a word, to deliver a letter, which he gave him, to a majestic being who rode in a chariot, after the rest of the company. The young man did as he was directed; and saw a company of all ages, sexes, and ranks, on horse and on foot, some joyful and others sad, pass along; among whom he distinguished a woman, in a meretricious dress, who, from the tenuity of her garments, seemed almost naked. She rode on a mule; her long hair,

---

Sensyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew never at day,
For dule of that devillisch deme wes with mahoun mareit,
And the henis of Hadingtoun sensyne wald not lay,
For this wild wibroun wich thame widlit sa and wareit
And the same north berwik law, as I heir wyvis say,
This carling, with a fals cast, wald away careit:
For to luck on quha sa lykis, na langer scho tareit,
All this langour for love before tymes fell,
Lang or Betok was born,
Scho bred of an accorne;
The laif of the story to morne,
To you I sall tell.

which flowed over her shoulders, was bound with a golden fillet; and in her hand was a golden rod, with which she directed her mule. In the close of the procession, a tall majestic figure appeared in a chariot, adorned with emeralds and pearls, who fiercely asked the young man, what he did there? He presented the letter in silence, which the dæmon dared not refuse. As soon as he had read, lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "Almighty God! how long wilt thou endure the iniquities of the sorcerer *Palumbus*!" and immediately dispatched some of his attendants, who, with much difficulty, extorted the ring from Venus, and restored it to its owner, whose infernal banns were thus dissolved. FORDUNI *Scotichronicon*, VOL. 1. p. 407, *cura* GOODALL.

But it is rather in the classical character of an infernal deity that the Elfin Queen may be considered, than as *Hecate*, the patroness of magic; for not only in the romance writers, but even in CHAUCER, are the fairies identified with the ancient inhabitants of the classical hell. Thus CHAUCER, in his *Marchand's Tale*, mentions

> Pluto that is king of Fayrie—and
> Proserpine and all her Fayrie.

In the *Golden Terge* of DUNBAR, the same phraseology is adopted. Thus

> Thair was Pluto that elricke incubus
> In cloke of grene, his courtusitin sable.

Even so late as 1602, in HARSENET's *Declaration of Popish Imposture*, p. 57, Mercury is called *Prince of the Fairies.*

But CHAUCER, and those poets who have adopted his phraseology, have only followed the romance writers; for the same substitution occurs in the romance of *Orfeo and Heurodis*, in which the story of Orpheus and Eurydice is transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of Faery, and the Gothic mythology engrafted on the fables of Greece. *Heurodis* is represented as wife of *Orfeo*, and Queen of Winchester, the ancient name of which city, the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens, or Thrace. The monarch, her husband, had a singular genealogy:

> His fader was comen of King Pluto,
> And his moder of King Juno;
> That sum time were as godes yholde,
> For auentours that thai dede and tolde.

Reposing, unwarily, at noon, under the shade of an *ymp tree**, *Heurodis* dreams that she is accosted by the king of Fairies,

> "With an hundred kniztes and mo,
> And damisels an hundred also;
> Al on snowe white stedes,

---

* Ymp tree.—*According to the general acceptation, this only signifies a grafted tree; whether it should be here understood to mean, a tree consecrated to the Imps, or Fairies, is left with the reader.*

As white as milke were her wedes;
Y no seize neuer zete bifore,
So fair creatours ycore:
The kinge hadde a croun on hed,
It nas of sileur, no of golde red,
Ac it was of a precious ston:
As brizt as the sonne it schon.

The king of Fairies, who had obtained power over the queen, perhaps from her sleeping at noon in his domain, orders her, under the penalty of being torn to pieces, to await him to-morrow under the ymp tree, and accompany him to Fairy Land. She relates her dream to her husband, who resolves to accompany her, and attempt her rescue.

A morwe the under tide is come,
And Orfeo hath his armes ynome,
And wele ten hundred kniztes with him,
Ich yarmed stout and grim;
And with the quen wenten he,
Rizt unto that ympe tre.
Thai made scheltrom in ich aside,
And sayd thai wold there abide,
And dye ther euerichon,
Er the quen schuld fram hem gon:
Ac zete amiddes hem ful rizt,
The quen was oway ytwizt,
With FAIRI forth ynome,
Men wizt neuer wher sche was become.

After this fatal catastrophe, *Orfeo*, distracted for the loss of his queen, abandons his throne, and, with his harp, retires into a wilderness, where he subjects himself to every kind of austerity, and attracts the wild beasts by the pathetic melody of his harp. His state of desolation is poetically described.

> " He that werd the fowe and griis,
> And on bed the purpur biis,
> Now on hard hethe he lith,
> With leves and gresse he him writh:
> He that had castells and tours,
> Rivers, forests, frith with flowrs,
> Now, thei it commence to snewe and freze,
> This king mot make his bed in mese:
> He that had y had kniztes of priis,
> Bifor him kneland and leuedis,
> Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
> Bot wild wormes bi him striketh:
> He that had y had plente,
> Of mete and drinke, of ich deynte,
> Now may he al daye digge and wrote,
> Er he find his fille of rote:
> In somer he liveth bi wild fruit,
> And verien bot gode lite.
> In winter may he no thing find,
> Bot rotes, grases, and the rinde.
>
> — — —
>
> His here of his berd blac and rowe,
> To his girdel stede was growe;
> His harp, whereon was all his gle,
> He hidde in ane holwe tre:
> And, when the weder was clere and brizt,
> He toke his harp to him wel rizt,
> And harped at his owen will,
> Into al the wode the soun gan shill,
> That al the wild bestes, that ther be,
> For joie abouten him thai teth;
> And al the foules that ther were,
> Come and sete on ich a brere,
> To here his harping a fine,
> So miche melody was therein.

At last he discovers that he is not the sole inhabitant of this desart; for

He mizt se him besides,
Oft in hot undertides,
The King of Fairi with his rout,
Com to hunt him al about:
With dim cri and bloweing,
And houndes also with him berking;
Ac no best thai no nome,
No neuer he nist whider thai bi come.
And other while he mizt hem se,
As a gret ost bi him te,
Wel atourned ten hundred kniztes,
Ich yarmed to his riztes,
Of cuntenaunce stout and fers,
With mani desplaid baners;
And ich his sword ydrawe hold;
Ac neuer he nist whider thai wold.
And otherwhile he seize other thing;
Kniztes and leuedis com daunceing,
In queynt atire gisely,
Queyete pas and softlie:
Tabours and trumpes zede hem bi,
And al maner menstraci.—
And on a day he seize him biside,
Sexti leuedis on hors ride,
Gentil and jolif as brid on ris;
Nouzt o man amonges hem ther nis;
And ich a faucoun on hond bere,
And riden on haukin bi o riuer
Of game thai found wel gode haunt,
Maulardes, hayroun, and cormoraunt;
The foules of the water ariseth,
Ich faucoun hem wele deuiseth,
Ich faucoun his pray slouz,
That seize Orfeo and louz.
"Par fay," quoth he, "ther is fair game!
"I hider Ichil bi Godes name,

"Ich was y won swich work to se:"
He aros, and thider gan te;
To a leuedi hi was y come,
Bihelde, and hath wel under nome,
And seth, bi al thing, that it is
His owhen quen Dam Heurodis;
Zern hi biheld her, and sche him eke,
Ac nouther to other a word no speke:
For messais that sche on him seize,
That had ben so riche, and so heize,
The teres fel out of her eize;
The other leuedis this y seize,
And maked hir oway to ride,
Sche most with him no longer obide.
"Allas!" quoth he, "nowe is mi woe,
"Whi nil deth now me slo;
"Allas! to long last mi liif,
"When y no dare nouzt with mi wif,
"Nor hye to me, o word speke;
"Allas whi nil miin hert breke!
"Par fay," quoth he, "tide what betide,
"Whider so this leuedis ride,
"The selve way Ichil streche;
"Of liif, no dethe, me no reche."

In consequence, therefore, of this discovery, *Orfeo* pursues the hawking damsels, among whom he has descryed his lost queen. They enter a rock, the king continues the pursuit, and arrives at Fairy Land, of which the following very poetical description is given.

In at a roche the leuedis rideth,
And he after and nouzt abideth;—
When he was in the roche ygo,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He com into a fair cuntray,
As brizt soonne somers day,

Smothe and plain and al grene,
Hill no dale nas none ysene,
Amiddle the lond a castel he seize,
Riche and reale and wonder heize;
Al the utmast wal,
Was cler and schine of cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,
Degiselich and bataild stout;
The butrass come out of the diche,
Of rede gold yarched riche;
The bousour was anowed al,
Of ich maner deuers animal;
Within ther wer wide wones
Al of precious stones
The werss piler onto biholde,
Was al of burnist gold:
Al that lond was euer lizt,
For when it schuld be therk and nizt,
The riche stonnes lizt gonne,
Brizt as doth at none the sonne:
No man may tel, no thenke in thouzt
The riche werk that that was rouzt.—

— — —

Than he gan biholde about al,
And seize ful liggeand with in the wal,
Of folk that wer thider y brouzt,
And thouzt dede and nare nouzt;
Sum stode with outen hade;
And sum non armes nade;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode ybounde;
And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al for schreynt;
Wiues ther lay on childe bedde;
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Rizt as thai slepe her undertides;

Eche was thus in this warld ynome,
With fairi thider ycome *.
Ther he seize his owhen wiif,
Dame Heurodis his liif liif
Slepe under an ympe tree:
Bi her clothes he knewe that it was he.—

And when he had bihold this meruails alle,
He went unto the kinges halle;
Then seize he ther a semly sizt,
A tabernacle blisseful and brizt,
Ther in her maister king sete,
And her quen fair and swete;
Her crounes, her clothes schine so brizt
That unnethe bihold he hem mizt.

Orfeo and Heurodis, MS.

Orfeo, as a minstrel, so charms the Fairy king with the music of his harp, that he promises to grant him whatever he should ask. He immediately demands his lost *Heurodis*; and, returning safely with her to Winchester, resumes his authority; a catastrophe, less pathetic indeed, but more pleasing, than that of the classical story. The circumstances, mentioned in this romantic legend, correspond very exactly with popular tradition. Almost all the writers on dæmonology mention, as a received opinion, that the power of the dæmons is most predominant at noon and midnight. The entrance to the land of Faery is placed in the wilderness; a circumstance which coincides with a passage in LINDSAY's *Complaint of the Papingo.*

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* It was perhaps from such a description that ARIOSTO adopted his idea of the Lunar Paradise, containing every thing that on earth was stolen or lost.

Bot sen my spreit mon from my bodye go,
I recommend it to the Quene of Fary,
Eternally into her court to tarry
In wilderness amang the holtis hair.

LINDSAY's *Works*, 1592, p. 222.

CHAUCER also agrees, in this particular, with our romancer.

In his sadel he clombe anon,
And priked over stile and ston
  An elf quene for to espie;
Til he so long had riden and gone
That he fond, in a privie wone,
  The countree of Faerie.

Wherein he soughte north and south,
And often spired with his mouth,
  In many a foreste wilde;
For in that countree nas ther non,
That to him dorst ride or gon,
  Neither wif ne childe.

Rime of Sir Thopas.

Other two causes, deeply affecting the superstition of which we treat, remain yet to be noticed. The first is derived from the Christian religion, which admits only of two classes of spirits, exclusive of the souls of men—angels, namely, and devils. This doctrine had a necessary tendency to abolish the distinction among subordinate spirits, which had been introduced by the superstitions of the Scandinavians. The existence of the fairies was readily admitted; but, as they had no pretensions to the angelic character, they were deemed to be of infernal origin. The union also, which had been formed betwixt the elves and the Pagan deities, was probably of disservice to the former; since every one knows, that the whole synod of Olympus were accounted dæmons.

The fulminations of the church were, therefore, early directed against those who consulted or consorted with the fairies; and, according to the inquisitorial logic, the innocuous choristers of *Oberon* and *Titania* were, without remorse, confounded with the sable inhabitants of the orthodox Gehennim. This transformation early took place; for, among the many crimes for which the famous JOAN of Arc was called upon to answer, it was not the least heinous, that she had frequented the Tree and Fountain near Dompré, which formed the rendezvous of the fairies, and bore their name; that she had joined in the festive dance with the elves, who haunted this charmed spot; had accepted of their magical bouquets, and availed herself of their talismans for the delivery of her country.—*Vide Acta Judiciaria contra* JOHANNAM D'ARCEAM, *vulgo vocatam* JOHANNE LA PUCELLE.

The Reformation swept away many of the corruptions of the Church of Rome; but the purifying torrent remained itself somewhat tinctured by the superstitious impurities of the soil over which it had passed. The trials of sorcerers and witches, which disgrace our criminal records, become even more frequent after the Reformation of the Church; as if human credulity, no longer amused by the miracles of Rome, had sought for food in the traditionary records of popular superstition. A Judaical observation of the precepts of the Old Testament also characterized the Presbyterian Reformers.—"*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live*," was a text, which at once (as they conceived) authorized their belief in sorcery, and sanctioned the penalty which they denounced against it. The fairies were, therefore, in no better credit after the Reformation than before, being still regarded as actual dæmons, or something very little better. Those, who pretended to intercourse with them, were without scruple punished as sorcerers; and such absurd charges are frequently stated as exaggerations of crimes, in themselves sufficiently heinous.

Such is the case in the trial of the noted Major WEIR and his sister; where the following mummery interlards a criminal indictment, too infamously flagitious to be farther detailed—"9th April, 1670. JEAN WEIR, indict-
"ed of sorceries, committed by her when she lived and
"kept a school at Dalkeith: that she took employment
"from a woman, to speak in her behalf to the *Queen of*
"*Fairii, meaning the Devil*; and that another woman
"gave her a piece of a tree, or root, the next day, and

" did tell her, that, as long as she kept the same, she " should be able to do what she pleased; and that same " woman, from whom she got the tree, caused her spread " a cloth before her door, and set her foot upon it, and " to repeat thrice, in the posture foresaid, these words, " *All her losses and crosses go alongst to the doors,*" " which was truly a consulting with the *Devil*, and an " act of sorcery, &c. That after the spirit, in the shape of " a woman, who gave her the piece of tree, had removed, she, addressing herself to spinning, and having " spun but a short time, found more yarn upon the " pirn than could possibly have come there by good " means*."—*Books of Adjournal.*

Neither was the judgment of the criminal court of Scotland less severe against another familiar of the fairies, whose supposed correspondence with the court of Elfland seems to have constituted the sole crime for which she was burned alive. Her name was ALISON

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* It is observed in the record, that Major WEIR, a man of the most vicious character, was at the same time ambitious of appearing eminently godly; and used to frequent the beds of sick persons, to assist them with his prayers. On such occasions, he put to his mouth a long staff which he usually carried, and expressed himself with uncommon energy and fluency, of which he was utterly incapable when the inspiring rod was withdrawn. This circumstance, the result probably of a trick or habit, appearing suspicious to the judges, the staff of the sorcerer was burned along with his person. One hundred and thirty years have elapsed since this execution, yet no one has, during that space, ventured to inhabit the house of this celebrated criminal.

Pearson, and she seems to have been a very noted person. In a bitter satire, against Adamson, Bishop of St Andrew's, he is accused of consulting with sorcerers, particularly with this very woman; and an account is given of her travelling through Breadalbane, in the company of the Queen of Faery, and of her descrying, in the Court of Elfland, many persons who had been supposed at rest in the peaceful grave†. Among these we find two remarkable personages; the secretary, young Maitland of Lethington, and one of the old Lairds of Buccleuch. The cause of their being stationed in Elfland probably arose from the manner of their decease; which, being uncommon and violent, caused the vulgar to suppose that they had been abstracted by the fairies. Lethington, as is generally supposed, died a Roman death during his imprisonment in Leith; and the Buccleuch, whom I believe to be here meant, was slain in a nocturnal scuffle by the Kerrs, his hereditary enemies. Besides, they were both attached to the cause of Queen Mary, and to the ancient

† For oght the kirk culd him forbid,
He sped him sone, and gat the thrid:
Ane carling of the Quene of Phareis,
That ewill win geir to Elphyne careis;
Through all Braid Abane scho hes bene.
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And ay in seiking certayne nyghtis,
As scho sayis with sur silly wychtis;
And names out nybours sex or sewin,
That we belevit had bene in heawin;

religion; and were thence probably considered as more immediately obnoxious to the assaults of the powers of darkness*. The indictment of ALISON PEARSON notices her intercourse with the Archbishop of St Andrew's, and contains some particulars worthy of notice, regarding the court of Elfland. It runs thus: "28. May, 1586. "ALISON PEARSON, in Byrehill, convicted of witchcraft, "and of consulting with evil spirits, in the form of one

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* Scho said scho saw theme weill aneugh
And speciallie gude auld BALCLEUCH,
The secretar, and sundrie uther;
Ane William Symsone her mother brother
Whom fra scho hes resavit a buike
For ony herb scho likes to luike,
It will instruct hir how to tak it,
In saws and sillubs how to mak it;
With stones that mekle mair can doe,
In leich craft, where scho lays them toe:
A thowsand maladeis scho hes mendit;
Now being tane, and apprehendit,
Scho being in the bischopis cure,
And kepit in his castle sure,
Without respect of worldlie glamer,
He past into the witches chalmer.

This curious poem, with many others of antiquity and interest, is now in the press, under the direction of J. G. DALYELL, Esq.

* BUCCLEUCH was a violent enemy to the English, by whom his lands had been repeatedly plundered *(see Introduction*, 21, 23), and a great advocate for the marriage betwixt MARY and the Dauphine, 1549. According to JOHN KNOX, he had recourse even to threats, in urging the parliament to agree to the French match. "The Laird of BALCLEUCH," says the Reformer, "a bloody man, with many Gods wounds, swore, they that would not consent should do worse."

" Mr WILLIAM SYMPSONE, her cosin, who she affirm-" ed was a gritt scollar, and doctor of medicine, that " healed her of her diseases when she was twelve years " of age; having lost the power of her syde, and having " a familiaritie with him for divers years, dealing with " charms, and abuseing the common people by her arts " of witchcraft, thir divers years by past.

" *Item*, For hanting and repairing with the gude neigh-" bours, and Queene of Elfland, thir divers years by past, " as she had confest; and that she had friends in that " court, which were of her own blude, who had gude ac-" quaintance of the Queene of Elfland, which might have " helped her; but she was while's well, and while's ill, " sometimes with them, and other times away frae them; " and that she would be in her bed haile and feire, and " would not wytt where she would be the morn; and " that she saw not the Queen this seven years, and that " she was seven years ill handled in the Court of Elf-" land; that, however, she had gude friends there, and " that it was the gude neighbours that healed her, under " God; and that she was comeing and going to St An-" drews to haile folkes, thir many years past.

" *Item*, Convict of the said act of witchcraft, in as " far as she confest that the said Mr WILLIAM SYMP-" SOUNE, who was her guidsir sone, born in Stirleing, " who was the King's smith, who, when about eight years

" of age, was taken away by ane Egyptian to Egypt, " which Egyptian was a gyant, where he remained 12 " years, and then came home.

" *Item*, That she being in Grange Muir, with some " other folk, she, being sick, lay downe; and, when " alone, there came a man to her, clad in green, who " said to her, if she would be faithful, he would do her " good; but she, being feared, cried out; but naebodye " came to her, so she said, if he came in God's name, " and for the gude of her saule, it was well; but he " gaid away; that he appeared to her another tyme like " a lustie man, and many men and women with him; " that, at seeing him, she signed herself, and prayed and " past with them, and saw them making merrie with pypes, " and gude cheir and wine; and that she was carried " with them, and that when she telled any of these things, " she was sairlie tormentit by them; and that the first " time she gaed with them she gat a sair straike frae one " of them, which took all the *poustie*[*] of her syde frae " her, and left ane ill-far'd mark on her syde.

" *Item*, That she saw the gude neighbours make their " sawes[†] with panns and fyres, and that they gathered " the herbs before the sun was up, and they came verie " fearful sometimes to her, and flaide[‡] her verie sair, which " made her cry, and threatened they would use her worse " than before; and, at last, they tuik away the power of

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[*] *Poustie*—Power. [†] *Saws*—Salves. [‡] *Flaide*—Scared.

"her hail syde frae her, which made her lye many weeks. "Sometimes they would come and sitt by her, and promise all that she should never want if she would be "faithful, but if she would speak and telle of them, they "should murther her; and that Mr **William Sympsoune** is with them who healed her, and telt her all "things; that he is a young man not six years older than "herself, and that he will appear to her before the court "comes; that he told her he was taken away by them, "and he bidd her sign herself that she be not taken away, "for the teind of them are tane to hell everie year.

"*Item*, That the said Mr **William** told her what "herbs were fit to cure every disease, and how to use "them; and particularlie tauld that the Bishop of St "Andrews laboured under sundrie diseases, sic as the "ripples, trembling, feaver, flux, &c. and bade her make "a saw, and anoint several parts of his body therewith, "and gave directions for making a posset, which she "made and gave him."

For this idle story the poor woman actually suffered death. Yet, notwithstanding the fervent arguments thus liberally used by the orthodox, the common people, tho' they dreaded even to think or speak about the fairies, by no means unanimously acquiesced in the doctrine which consigned them to eternal perdition. There are some curious, and perhaps anomalous, facts, concerning the history of fairies, in a sort of Cock-lane narrative, contained in a letter from MOSES PITT, to Dr EDWARD FOWLER, Lord Bishop of Gloucester, printed at London in 1696, and preserved in MORGAN's *Phœnix Britannicus, 4to, London*, 1732.

ANNE JEFFERIES was born in the parish of St Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in 1626. Being the daughter of a poor man, she resided as servant in the house of the narrator's father, and waited upon the narrator himself, in his childhood. As she was knitting stockings in an arbour of the garden, " six small people, all in green clothes," came suddenly over the garden wall; at the sight of whom being much frightened, she was seized with convulsions, and continued so long sick, that she became as a changeling, and was unable to walk. During her sickness, she frequently exclaimed, " They are just gone out of the window! they are just gone out of the window! do you not see them ?" These expressions, as she afterwards declared, related to their disappearing. During the harvest, when every one was employed, her mistress walked out; and dreading that Anne, who was extremely weak and silly, might injure herself, or the house, by the fire, with some difficulty persuaded her to walk in the orchard till her return. She accidentally hurt her leg; and, at her return, Anne cured it, by stroking it with her hand. She appeared to be informed of every particular, and asserted, that she had this information from the fairies, who had caused the misfortune. After this, she performed numerous cures, but would never receive money for them. From harvest time to Christmas, she was fed by the fairies, and eat no other victuals but theirs. The narrator affirms, that, looking one day through the key hole of the door of her chamber, he saw her eating; and that she gave him a piece of bread, which was the most delicious he ever tasted. The fairies always appeared to her in even numbers; never less than two, nor more than eight, at a time. She had always a sufficient stock of salves and medicines, and yet neither made, nor purchased any; nor did she ever appear to be in want of money.—She, one day, gave a silver cup, containing about a quart, to the daughter of her mistress, a girl about four years old, to carry to her mother, who refused to receive it.—The narrator adds, that he had seen her dancing in the orchard among the trees, and that she informed him she was then dancing with the fairies. The report of the strange cures which she performed soon attracted the attention of both ministers and magistrates. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her, that the fairies, by which she was haunted, were evil spirits, and that she was under the delusion of the devil. After they had left her, she was visited by the fairies, while in great perplexity; who desired her to cause those who termed them evil spirits, to read that place of scripture, *1st Epistle of John, chap.* 4, *v.* 1—*Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, &c.* Tho'

Anne Jefferies could not read, she produced a bible folded down at this passage.

By the magistrates she was confined three months, without food, in Bodmin jail, and afterwards for some time in the house of Justice Tregeagle. Before the constable appeared to apprehend her, she was visited by the fairies, who informed her what was intended, and advised her to go with him. When this account was given, on May 1, 1696, she was still alive; but refused to relate any particulars of her connection with the fairies, or the occasion on which they deserted her, least she should again fall under the cognizance of the magistrates.

Anne Jefferies' fairies were not altogether singular in maintaining their good character, in opposition to the received opinion of the church. A rustic, whom Jackson taxed with magical practices, about 1620, obstinately denied that the good King of the Fairies had any connection with the devil; and some of the Highland seers, even in our day, have boasted of their intimacy with the elves, as an innocent and advantageous connection.—One Maccoan, in Appin, the last person eminently gifted with the second sight, professed to my learned and excellent friend, Mr Ramsay, of Ochtertyre, that he owed his prophetic visions to their intervention.

There remains yet another cause to be noticed, which seems to have induced a considerable alteration into the popular creed of England, respecting fairies. Many poets of the sixteenth century, and, above all, our immortal SHAKESPEARE, deserting the hackneyed fictions of Greece and Rome, sought for machinery in the superstitions of their native country. "The fays which nightly dance upon the wold," were an interesting subject; and the creative imagination of the bard, improving upon the vulgar belief, assigned to them many of those fanciful attributes and occupations, which posterity have since associated with the name of fairy. In such employments, as rearing the drooping flower, and arranging the disordered chamber, the fairies of South Britain gradually lost the harsher character of the dwarfs, or elves. Their choral dances were enlivened by the introduction of the merry goblin *Puck**, for whose freakish pranks they exchanged their original mischievous propensities. The fairies of SHAKESPEARE, DRAYTON, and MENNIS, therefore, at first exquisite fancy portraits, may be considered as having finally operated a change in the original which gave them birth*.

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* Robin Goodfellow, or Hobgoblin, possesses the frolicksome qualities of the French *Lutin*. For his full character the reader is referred to the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The proper livery of this sylvan Momus is to be found in an old play. "Enter Robin Goodfellow, in a "suit of leather, close to his body, his hands and face colour'd russet "colour, with a flail."—*Grim, the Collier of Croydon, act* 4, *scene* 1.—At other times, however, he is presented in the vernal livery of the elves, his associates:

Tim.—" I have made
" Some speeches, Sir, in verse, which have been spoke
" By a *green Robin Goodfellow*, from Cheapside conduit,
" To my father's company.

The City Match, act 1, *scene* 6.

While the fays of South Britain received such attractive and poetical embellishments, those of Scotland, who possessed no such advantage, retained more of their ancient, and appropriate character. Perhaps, also, the persecution which these sylvan deities underwent, at the instance of the stricter presbyterian clergy, had its usual effect; in hardening their dispositions, or at least in rendering them more dreaded by those among whom they dwelt. The face of the country, too, might have some effect, as we should naturally attribute a less malicious disposition, and a less frightful appearance, to the fays who glide by moon-light, through the oaks of Windsor, than to those who haunt the solitary heaths and lofty mountains of the North. The fact at least is certain; and it has not escaped a late ingenious traveller, that the character of the Scotish fairy is more harsh and terrific than that which is ascribed to the elves of our sister kingdom.—*See* STODDART's *View of Scenery and Manners in Scotland.*

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* The Fairy Land, and fairies of SPENSER, have no connection with popular superstition, being only words used to denote an Utopian scene of action, and imaginary or allegorical characters. The stealing of the Red Cross Knight, while a child, is the only incident in the poem which approaches to the popular character of the fairy. The title of "*the Fairy Queen*" was perhaps suggested to SPENSER by the elfin mistress of CHAUCER's *Sir Thopas*.

The fairies of Scotland are represented as a diminutive race of beings, of a mixed, or rather dubious nature, capricious in their dispositions, and mischievous in their resentment. They inhabit the interior of green hills, chiefly those of a conical form, in Gaelic termed *Sighan*, on which they lead their dances by moon-light; impressing upon the surface the mark of circles, which sometimes appear yellow and blasted, sometimes of a deep green hue; and within which it is dangerous to sleep, or to be found after sun-set. The removal of those large portions of turf, which thunderbolts sometimes scoop out of the ground with singular regularity, is also ascribed to their agency. Cattle, which are suddenly seized with the cramp, or some similar disorder, are said to be *elf-shot;* and the approved cure is, to chafe the parts affected with a blue bonnet, which, it may be readily believed, often restores the circulation. The triangular flints, frequently found in Scotland, with which the ancient inhabitants probably barbed their shafts, are supposed to be the weapons of fairy resentment, and are termed *elf-arrow heads.* The rude brazen battle-axes of the ancients, commonly called *celts*, are also ascribed to their manufacture. But, like the Gothic *duergar*, their skill is not confined to the fabrication of arms; for they are heard sedulously hammering in linns, precipices, and rocky or cavernous stuations, where, like the dwarfs of the mines, mentioned by GEORG. AGRICOLA, they busy themselves in imitating the actions, and the various employments, of men. The brook of Beaumont, for example, which passes in its course by numerous linns and caverns, is notorious for being haunted by the fairies; and the perforated and rounded stones, which are formed by trituration in its channel, are termed by the vulgar, fairy cups and dishes. It is sometimes accounted unlucky to pass such places, without performing some ceremony to avert the displeasure of the elves. There is, upon the top of Minchmuir, a mountain in Peebles-shire, a spring, called the *Cheese Well*, because, anciently, those who passed that way were wont to throw into it a piece of cheese, as an offering to the fairies, to whom it was consecrated.

Like the *feld elfen* of the Saxons, the usual dress of the fairies is green; though, on the moors, they have been sometimes observed in heath-brown, or in weeds dyed with the stoneraw, or lichen*. They often ride in invisible procession, when their presence is discovered by the shrill ringing of their bridles. On these occasions, they sometimes borrow mortal steeds; and when such are found at morning, panting and fatigued in their stalls, with their manes and tails dishevelled and entangled, the grooms, I presume, often find this a convenient excuse for their situation.

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* Hence the hero of the ballad is termed an "*Elfin grey*."

The fairies sometimes reside in subterranean abodes, in the vicinity of human habitations, or, according to the popular phrase, under the "door stane," or threshold; in which situation they sometimes establish an intercourse with men, by borrowing and lending, and other kindly offices. In this capacity they are termed "the good neighbours*," from supplying privately the wants of their friends, and assisting them in all their transactions, while their favours are concealed. Of this, the traditionary story of Sir GODFREY MACCULLOCH forms a curious example.

As this Gallovidian gentleman was taking the air on horseback, near his own house, he was suddenly accosted by a little old man, arrayed in green, and mounted upon a white palfrey.. After mutual salutation, the old man gave Sir GODFREY to understand, that he resided under his habitation, and that he had great reason to complain of the direction of a drain, or common sewer, which emptied itself directly into his chamber of dais †. Sir GODFREY MACCULLOCH was a good deal startled at this extraordinary complaint; but, guessing the nature of the being he had to deal with, he assured the old man, with great courtesy, that the direction of the drain should be altered; and caused it to be done accordingly. Many years afterwards, Sir GODFREY had the misfortune to kill in a fray, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. He was apprehended, tried, and condemned *. The scaffold, upon which his head was to be struck off, was erected on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; but hardly had he reached the fatal spot, when the old man, upon his white palfrey, pressed through the crowd with the rapidity of lightning. Sir GODFREY, at his command, sprung on behind him; the "good neighbour" spurred his horse down the steep bank, and neither he nor the criminal were ever again seen.

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* Perhaps this epithet is only one example, among many, of the extreme civility which the vulgar in Scotland use towards spirits of a dubious, or even a determinedly mischievous nature. The arch-fiend himself is often distinguished by the softened title of the "good-man." This epithet, so applied, must sound strange to a southern ear; but, as the phrase bears various interpretations, according to the places where it is used, so, in the Scotish dialect, the *good-man of such a place* signifies the tenant, or life-renter, in opposition to the laird, or proprietor. Hence, the devil is termed the good-man, or tenant, of the infernal regions. There was anciently a practice in Scotish villages, of propitiating this infernal being, by leaving uncultivated a croft, or small inclosure, of the neighbouring grounds, which was called the *good-man's croft*. By doing so, it was their unavowed, but obvious intention, to avert the rage of Satan from destroying their possessions. It required various fulminations of the General Assembly of the Kirk, to abolish a practice bordering so nearly upon the doctrine of the Magi.

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† The best chamber was thus currently denominated in Scotland, from the French *dais*, signifying that part of the ancient halls which was elevated above the rest, and covered with a canopy. The turf-seats, which occupy the sunny side of a cottage wall, is also termed the dais.

* In this particular, tradition coincides with the real fact

The most formidable attribute of the elves, was their practice of carrying away, and exchanging, children; and that of stealing human souls from their bodies. "A "persuasion prevails among the ignorant," says the author of a MS. history of Moray, "that in a consumptive "disease, the fairies steal away the soul, and put the "soul of a fairy in the room of it." This belief prevails chiefly along the eastern coast of Scotland, where a practice, apparently of Druidical origin, is used to avert the danger. In the increase of the March moon, withes of oak ivy are cut, and twisted into wreathes of circles, which they preserve till next after March. After that period, when persons are consumptive, or children hectic, they cause them to pass thrice through these circles.

According to the earlier doctrine, concerning the original corruption of human nature, the power of dæmons over infants had been long reckoned considerable, in the period intervening between birth and baptism. During this period, therefore, children were believed to be particularly liable to abstraction by the fairies, and mothers chiefly dreaded the substitution of changelings in the place of their own offspring. Various monstrous charms existed in Scotland, for procuring the restoration of a child which had been thus stolen; but the most efficacious of them was supposed to be, the roasting of the suppositious child upon the live embers, when it was believed it would vanish, and the true child appear in the place whence it had been originally abstracted*.

But the power of the fairies was not confined to unchristened children alone; it was supposed frequently to extend to full grown persons, especially such as, in an unlucky hour, were devoted to the devil by the execration of parents, and of masters†; or those who were found asleep under a rock, or on a green hill, belonging to the fairies, after sun-set. Persons falling in this manner under the power of the fairies, were often allowed to revisit the haunts of men, after seven years had expired. At the end of seven years more, they again disappeared, after which they were seldom seen among mortals.

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* Less perilous recipes were sometimes used. The editor is possessed of a small relique, termed by tradition a toad-stone, the influence of which was supposed to preserve pregnant women from the power of dæmons, and other dangers incidental to their situation. It has been carefully preserved for several generations, was often pledged for considerable sums of money, and uniformly redeemed from a belief in its efficacy.

† This idea is not peculiar to the Gothic tribes, but extends to those of Sclavic origin. TOOKE (History of Russia, VOL. I. p. 100) relates, that the Russian peasants believe the nocturnal dæmon, *Kikimora*, to have been a child, whom the devil stole out of the womb of its mother, because she had cursed it. They also assert, that, if an execration against a child be spoken in an evil hour, the child is carried off by the devil. The beings, so stolen, are neither fiends nor men; they are invisible, and afraid of the cross and holy water; but, on the other hand, in their nature and dispositions they resemble mankind, whom they love, and rarely injure.

The accounts they gave of their situation differ in some particulars. Sometimes they were represented as leading a life of constant restlessness, and wandering by moon light. According to others, they inhabited a pleasant region, where, however, their situation was rendered horrible, by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil, every seventh year. This circumstance is mentioned in ALISON PEARSON's indictment, and in the *Tale of the Young Tamlane*, where it is termed, " the paying the kane to hell," or, according to some recitations, " the teind," or tenth. This is the popular reason assigned for the desire of the fairies to abstract young children, as substitutes for themselves in this dreadful tribute. Concerning the mode of winning, or recovering, persons abstracted by the fairies, tradition differs; but the popular opinion, contrary to what may be inferred from the following tale, supposes, that the recovery must be effected within a year and a day, to be held legal in the fairy court. This feat, which was reckoned an enterprize of equal difficulty and danger, could only be accomplished on Hallowe'en, at the great annual procession of the fairy court*. Of this procession, the following description is found in MONTGOMERY's *Flyting against Polwart*, ap. WATSON's *Collection of Scots Poems*, 1709, Part III. p. 12.

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* See the inimitable poem of Hallowe'en :

" Upon that night, when fairies light
  On Cassilis Downan dance,
Or o'er the leas, in splendid blaze,
  On stately coursers prance," &c.

BURNS.

> In the hinder end of harvest, on All-hallowe'en,
>   When our *good neighbours* dois ride, if I read right,
> Some buckled on a bunewand, and some on a been,
>   Ay trottand in troups from the twilight;
> Some saidled a she-ape, all grathed into green,
>   Some hobland on a hemp stalk, hovand to the hight,
> The king of Pharie and his court, with the elf queen,
>   With many elfish incubus was ridand that night.
> There an elf on an ape, an unsel begat,
>   Into a pot by Pomathorne;
>   That bratchart in a busse was born;
>   They fand a monster, on the morn,
> War faced nor a cat.

The catastrophe of *Tamlane* terminated more successfully than that of other attempts which tradition still records. The wife of a farmer in Lothian had been carried off by the fairies, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday, in the midst of her children, combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband; when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might win her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out on Hallowe'en, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the procession of the fairies. At the ringing of the fairy bridles, and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by, without interruption. When the last had rode past, the whole troop vanished, with loud shouts of laughter and exultation; among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her for ever.

A similar, but real incident, took place at the town of North Berwick, within the memory of man. The wife of a man, above the lowest class of society, being left alone in the house, a few days after delivery, was attacked and carried off by one of those convulsion fits incident to her situation. Upon the return of the family, who had been engaged in hay-making, or harvest, they found the corpse much disfigured. This circumstance, the natural consequence of her disease, led some of the spectators to think that she had been carried off by the fairies, and that the body before them was some elfin deception. The husband, probably, paid little attention to this opinion at the time; the body was interred, and, after a decent time had elapsed, finding his domestic affairs absolutely required female superintendance, the widower paid his addresses to a young woman in the neighbourhood. The recollection, however, of his former wife, whom he had tenderly loved, haunted his slumbers; and, one morning, he came to the clergyman of the parish in the utmost dismay, declaring, that she had appeared to him the preceding night, informed him that she was a captive in Fairy Land, and conjured him to attempt her deliverance. She directed him to bring the minister, and certain other persons whom she named, to her grave at midnight. Her body was then to be dug up, and certain prayers recited; after which the corpse was to become animated, and fly from them. One of the assistants, the swiftest runner in the parish, was to pursue the body; and, if he was able to seize it, before it had thrice encircled the church, the rest were to come to his assistance, and detain it, in spite of the struggles it should use, and the various shapes into which it might be transformed. The redemption of the abstracted person was then to become complete. The minister, a sensible man, argued with his parishioner upon the indecency and absurdity of what was proposed, and dismissed him. Next Sunday, the banns being for the first time proclaimed betwixt the widower and his new bride, his former wife, very naturally, took the opportunity of the following night to make him another visit, yet more terrific than the former. She upbraided him with his incredulity, his fickleness, and his want of affection; and, to convince him that her appearance was no aerial illusion, she gave suck, in his presence, to her youngest child. The man, under the greatest horror of mind, had again recourse to the pastor; and his ghostly counsellor fell upon an admirable expedient to console him. This was nothing less than dispensing with the further solemnity of banns, and marrying him, without an hour's delay, to the young woman to whom he was affianced; after which no spectre again disturbed his repose.

Having concluded these general observations upon the fairy superstition, which, although minute, may not, I hope, be deemed altogether uninteresting, I proceed to the more particular illustrations relating to the *Tale of the Young Tamlane.*

The following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest, where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernized as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The *Tale of the Young Tamlane* is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland;* and the air, to which it was chaunted, seems to have been accommodated to a particular dance; for the dance of *Thom of Lyn*, another variation of *Thomalin*, likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject, it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning

> "Tom o' the lin was a Scotsman born,"

is still well known.

In a medley, contained in a curious and ancient MS. cantus, *penes* J. G. DALYELL, Esq. there is an allusion to our ballad:

> "Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twice so merry."

In *Scotish Songs*, 1774, a part of the original tale was published, under the title of *Kerton ha'*; a corruption of Carterhaugh; and, in the same collection, there is a fragment, containing two or three additional verses, beginning

> "I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you," &c.

In JOHNSON'S *Musical Museum* a more complete copy occurs, under the title of *Thom Linn*, which, with some alterations, was re-printed in the *Tales of Wonder*.

The present edition is the most perfect which has yet appeared; being prepared from a collation of the printed copies, with a very accurate one in GLENRIDDELL'S MS. and with several recitals from tradition. In one recital only, the well known fragment of the *Wee Wee Man* was introduced, in the same measure with the rest of the poem. It seemed to be inserted with considerable propriety, and is therefore retained in this edition.— The fragment of the *Wee Wee Man*, first published in *Scots Ballads*, 1764, was obtained in Ayrshire. Mr RITSON derives its origin from an ancient poem of the time of EDWARD I. or II. extant in the Museum.

Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic ruin, which overhangs the Yarrow, and which, we may suppose, was the habitation of our heroine's father. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert, that their appearances, and mischievous exploits, have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the Gospel was diffused in its purity. One of their frolicks is said to have happened late in the last century. The victim of elfin sport was a poor man, who, being employed in pulling heather upon Peatlaw, a hill not far from Carterhaugh, had tired of his labour, and laid him down to sleep upon a fairy ring. When he awakened, he was surprised to find himself in the midst of a populous city, to which, as well as to the means of his transportation, he was an utter stranger.—His coat was left upon the Peatlaw; and his bonnet, which had fallen off in the course of his aerial journey, was afterwards found hanging upon the steeple of the church of Lanark. The distress of the poor man was in some degree relieved, by meeting a carrier whom he had formerly known, and who conducted him back to Selkirk by a slower conveyance than had whirled him to Glasgow. That he had been carried off by the fairies, was implicitly believed by all who did not reflect, that a man may have private reasons for leaving his own country, and for disguising his having intentionally done so.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE.

O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh;
For young Tamlane is there.

There's nane, that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad;
Either goud rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

But up then spake her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin;
—"I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him."—

Janet has kilted her green kirtle*,
A little aboon her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree.

And she's away to Carterhaugh,
And gaed beside the wood;
And there was sleeping young Tamlane,
And his steed beside him stood.

She pu'd the broom flower frae the bush,
And strewed it on's white hause bane;
And that was to be a witter† true,
That maiden she had gane.

—" O where was ye, my milk white steed,
That I did love sae dear,
That wadna watch, and waken me,
When there was maiden here?"—

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* The ladies are always represented in DUNBAR's Poems, with green mantles and yellow hair.—MAITLAND *Poems*, VOL. I. P. 45.

† *Witter.*—Token. " Some say there came four men, upon four " horses, riding to the field with four spears, and a wisp on every spear " head, to be a sign and a *witter* to them that every one of them should " know the other.—*Pitscottie, Ed.* 1728, *p.* 117.

—" I stamped wi' my foot, master,
I gar'd my bridle ring;
But no kin' thing would waken ye,
Till she was past and gane."—

—" And wae betide ye, my gray goshawk,
That I did love sae well;
That wadna watch, and waken me,
When my love was here hersell!"—

—" I clapped wi' my wings, master,
And ay my bells I rang;
And ay cried, " waken, waken, master,
Afore your true love gang."—

—" But haste, and haste, my good white steed
To come the maiden till;
Or a' the birds, in good green wood,
O' your flesh shall hae their fill."—

—" Ye needna burst your good white steed,
By running o'er the howm;
Nae hare runs swifter o'er the lea,
Nor your love ran thro' the broom."—

Fair Janet, in her green cleiding,
 Returned upon the morn;
And she met her father's ae brother,
 The laird of Abercorn.

—"I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager wi' you,
 Five hunder merk and ten,
I'll maiden gang to Carterhaugh,
 And maiden come again."—

She princked hersell, and prin'd hersell,
 By the ae light of the moon;
And she's away to Carterhaugh,
 As fast as she could win.

And whan she cam to Carterhaugh,
 She gaed beside the wall;
And there she fand his steed standing,
 But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
 A rose but barely three,
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
 At Lady Janet's knee.

Says—“ Why pu’ ye the rose, Janet ?
What gars ye break the tree ?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withoutten leave o’ me !”—

Says—“ Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;
My daddie gave it me ;
I’ll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o’ thee.”—

He’s ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He’s led her to the Fairy ground,
And spier’d at her nae leave.

When she came to her father’s ha’,
She looked pale and wan ;
They thought she’d dried some sair sickness,
Or been wi’ some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor make meikle o’ her heid ;
And ilka thing, that lady took,
Was like to be her deid.

Its four and twenty ladies fair
Were in her father's ha';
Whan in there came the fair Janet,
The flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spake an auld gray-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa'—
—“ And ever alas! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a'.”—

—“ Now had your tongue, ye auld gray knight!
And an ill deid may ye die!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee.”—

Out then spåke her father dear,
And he spoke meek and mild—
—“ And ever alas! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child.”—

—" And if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame;
There's ne'er a knight, about your ha',
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

" If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae."—

—" Is it to a man o' might, Janet,
Or is it to a man o' mean ?
Or is it unto young Tamlane,
That's wi' the Fairies gane ?"—

—" Twas down by Carterhaugh, father,
I walked beside the wa ;
And there I saw a wee wee man,
The least that e'er I saw.

" His legs were skant a shathmont* lang,
Yet umber was his thie;
Between his brows there was ae span,
And between his shoulders, thrie.

---

* *Shathmont.*—The length of the hand, when clenched, with the thumb erect.

" He's ta'en and flung a meikle stane,
As far as I could see;
I could na, had I been Wallace wight,
Hae lifted it to my knee.

" O wee wee man, but ye be strang!
Where may thy dwelling be ?"—
—" Its down beside yon bonny bower;
Fair lady, come and see."—

" On we lap, and away we rade,
Down to a bonny green;
We lighted down to bait our steed,
And we saw the Fairy Queen.

" With four and twenty at her back,
Of ladies clad in green;
Tho' the King of Scotland had been there,
The worst might hae been his Queen.

" On we lap, and away we rade,
Down to a bonny ha';
The roof was o' the beaten goud,
The floor was of chrystal a'.

" And there were dancing on the floor,
  Fair ladies jimp and sma';
But, in the twinkling o' an eye,
  They sainted[*] clean awa'.

" And, in the twinkling of an eye,
  The wee wee man was gane;
And he says, gin he binna won by me,
  He'll ne'er be won by nane."——

Janet's put on her green cleiding,
  Whan near nine months were gane;
And she's awa to Carterhaugh,
  To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
  She gaed beside the wall;
And there she saw the steed standing,
  But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
  A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
  Says—" Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

---

[*] *Sainted.*—Vanished.

" Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden green?
And a' to kill the bonnie babe,
That we got us between."—

—" The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane;
A word ye mauna lie;
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained* in Christentie."—

—" The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet;
A word I winna lie;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

" Roxburgh was my grandfather;
Took me with him to bide;
And, as we frae the hunting came,
This harm did me betide.

" Roxburgh was a hunting knight,
And loved hunting well;
And, on a cauld and frosty day,
Down frae my horse I fell.

* *Sained.*—Hallowed.

" The Queen o' Fairies keppit* me,
In yon green hill to dwell;
And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb;
Fair lady, view me well.

" And pleasant is the fairy land;
But, an eiry tale to tell!
Ay, at the end o' seven years,
We pay the teind to hell;
And I'm sae fair and fu' o' flesh,
I'm fear'd it be mysell.

" This night is Hallowe'en, Janet;
The morn is Hallowday;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye have nae time to stay.

" The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride;
And they, that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."——

---

* *Keppit.*—Caught.

—" But how shall I thèe ken, Tamlane ?
Or how shall I thee knaw ?
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw ?"—

—" The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae ;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

" First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown ;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

" For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town ;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And thae's the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maik.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale* that burns fast.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red hot gad o' iron;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"First, dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
I'll be your bairn's father.

---

* *Bale.*—A Faggot.

" And next they'll shape me in your arms,
A toad, but and an eel;
But had me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

" They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan;
And last they'll shape me in your arms,
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be mysell again."——

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry* was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the dead hour o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o' that,
As any earthly thing!

---

* *Eiry.*—Producing superstitious dread.

And first gaed by the black black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa';
—And up there raise an erlish[*] cry—
—"He's won amang us a'!"—

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An esk[†], but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her bairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man;
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' broom—
—"She that has borrowed young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom."

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[*] *Erlish*—Elritch, ghastly.

[†] *Esk.*—Newt.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush of rye—
—" She's ta'en awa the bonniest knight,
In a' my companie.

" But, had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
" A lady wad borrowed thee—
I wad ta'en out thy twae gray een,
Put in twae een o' tree.

" Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
" Before ye came frae hame—
I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane.

" Had I had but the wit yestreen,
That I hae coft* the day—
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,
Ere you'd been won away !"—

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* *Coft*.—Bought.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth place, of this ancient bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his sirname was Lermont, or

LEARMONT; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length *, the son of our poet designs himself "THOMAS of Ercildoun, son and heir of THOMAS RYMOUR of Ercildoun," which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of LEARMONT; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must however remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper sirnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when sirnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually LEARMONT, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

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* *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.*

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which THOMAS of Erceldoune lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr PINKERTON, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 *(List of Scotish Poets)*; which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance *(hereditarie)* in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from BARBOUR, his prophecies were held in reputation* as early as

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* The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,
In him, &c.

1306, when BRUCE slew the RED CUMMIN, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr PINKERTON's words) the uncertainty, of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of PETER DE HAGA DE BEMERSYDE, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness. *Cartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that THOMAS of Erceldoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe MACKENZIE, LEARMONT only versified the prophecies delivered by ELIZA, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in WINTOWN's *Chronicle*,

> Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in Derne,
> Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy ;
> But how he wyst it was *ferly*.
>
> *Book eight, chap.* 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in WINTOWN's eyes at least, how THOMAS came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochlevin*.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Fairy. The popular tale bears, that THOMAS was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure*. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the tower of Erceldoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration, paid to his dwelling place, even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray; a kind of herbalist, who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizzard.

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* HENRY, the minstrel, who introduces THOMAS into the history of WALLACE, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge.

> Thomas Rhymer into the Faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
> And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
> Which happened sooth in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
> It may be deemed by division of grace, &c.
>
> *History of Wallace, Book second.*

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* See the dissertation on fairies, prefixed to *Tamlane*, p. 219.

It seemed to the editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy obtained from a lady, residing not far from Erceldoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MS.—The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description*. To this old tale the editor has ventured to add a second part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a third part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned, with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faery. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the editor has prefixed to the second part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

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* The editor has been since informed by a most eminent antiquary, that there is in existence a MS. copy of this ballad of very considerable antiquity, of which he hopes to avail himself on some future occasion.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank:
  A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a lady bright,
  Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass green silk,
  Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
  Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
  And louted low down to his knee—
—" All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heav'n!
  For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

—" O no, O no, Thomas," she said ;
  " That name does not belang to me ;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
  That am hither come to visit thee.

" Harp and carp, Thomas," she said ;
  " Harp and carp along wi' me :
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
  Sure of your bodie I will be."—

—" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
  That weird* shall never danton me."—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
  All underneath the Eildon Tree.

—" Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said ;
  " True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me :
And ye maun serve me seven years,
  Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."—

* *That weird, &c.*—That destiny shall never frighten me.

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and further on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Untill they reached a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

—"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee:
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho' after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho' some call it the road to heaven.

" And see not ye that bonny road,
  That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
  Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
  Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
  Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."——

O they rade on, and farther on,
  And they waded thro' rivers aboon the knee ;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
  But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
  And they waded thro' red blude to the knee ;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
  Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
  And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
—" Take this for thy wages, true Thomas ;
  It will give the tongue that can never lie."—

—" My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
—" Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
" For, as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a cloth of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple frae a tree.—P. 254, Verse 5.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of THOMAS to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he should find it convenient, has a comic effect.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies ascribed to THOMAS of Erceldoune have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance " amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, " CLERK of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of *Schir Gawaine*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes VIRGIL to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Erceldoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by BARBOUR, by WINTOUN, and by HENRY, the minstrel; or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate historically his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr PINKERTON from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from THOMAS of Erceldoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of MARCH, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:

"*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt.*

"When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere other mones thyng than is owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the herston;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes; and steles castles with styes;
When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun;

When a Scot ne may hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall him fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve;
When shal this be?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON's *Poems, from* MAITLAND's MS. *quoting from Harl. Lib.* 2253, *F.* 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr PINKERTON makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age), to the reign of EDWARD I. or II. it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our THOMAS the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of EDWARD I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black AGNES, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter by his son in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of DUNBAR could ever have an opportunity of consulting THOMAS the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or a middle aged, woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of DUNBAR, and of THOMAS of Erceldoun, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of EDWARD III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed) till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. When the cultivated country shall become forest—says the prophecy;—when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of EDWARD III. upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of "whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end;

but it is ended without her people having either crouched, like hares, in their form, or being drowned in their flight, for " faute of ships"—thank God for that too.—A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in this ancient legend. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by THOMAS the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth stane,
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library. " When hares kendles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation.—It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of WALDHAVE, published by ANDRO HART, 1613.

> " This is a true talking that Thomas of tells
> The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stanes"

SPOTTISWOODE, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of THOMAS of Erceldoune. " The prophecies, yet extant in Scot-" tish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Tho-" mas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; having fore-" told, so many ages before, the Union of England and

" Scotland in the ninth degree of the BRUCE's blood, with " the succession of BRUCE himself to the crown, being yet " a child, and other divers particulars which the event hath " ratified and made good. BOETHIUS, in his story, rela- " teth his prediction of King ALEXANDER's death, and " that he did foretell the same to the Earl of MARCH, the " day before it fell out; saying, " That before the next " day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland " had not felt for many years before." The next morn- " ing, the day being clear, and no change appearing in " the air, the nobleman did challenge THOMAS of his " saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon " was not yet passed. About which time, a post came " to advertise the Earl, of the King his sudden death. " —Then, said THOMAS, this is the tempest I foretold; " and so it shall prove to Scotland."—Whence or how " he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but " sure it is that he did divine and answer truly of many " things to come."—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master HECTOR BOECE, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to FORDUN for the prophecy of King ALEXANDER's death. That historian calls our bard, " *ruralis ille vates*." FORDUN, lib. 10, c. 40.

What SPOTTISWOODE calls " the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Erceldoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of BEDE, MERLIN, GILDAS, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by ANDRO HART, at Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord HAILES made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.* His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by bishop SPOTTISWOODE, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, son of a French Queen, and related to BRUCE in the ninth degree. Lord HAILES plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of JAMES VI. The ground work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of BERLINGTON, contained in the same collection, and runs thus :

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leafe,
As near as the ninth degree ;
And shall be flemed of fair Scotland,
In France far beyond the sea.
And then shall come again riding,
With eyes that many men may see ;
At Aberlady he shall light,
With hempen heltres and horse of tree.

However it happen for to fall,
The lion shal be lord of all ;
The French wife shall bear the son,
Shall wield all Britain to the sea ;
And from the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as the ninth degree.—

Yet shall there come a kene knight over the salt sea,
A kene man of courage and bold man of arms;
A duke's son doubled (*i. e.* dubbed) a born man in France,
That shall our mirths amend, and mend all our harms,
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brook all the broad isle to himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the threap sall be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover thereafter.

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of ALBANY, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of JAMES IV. in the fatal battle of Flodden. The regent was descended of BRUCE by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of BOULOGNE, his father banished from his country—" fleemit of fair Scotland."—His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Firth of Forth. He was a Duke's son, dubbed Knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our THOMAS the Rhymer, as it stands in HART's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land, beside a lee, who shews him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully.

Our Scotish king sal come ful keen,
The red lion beareth he;
A fedder'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led,
When he is bloody and wo for blood;
Yet to his men then shall he say,
" For God's love, turn you again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose? the right is mine:
My date is not to die this day."—

Who can doubt for a moment that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of JAMES IV. Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of GEORGE DOUGLAS, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign.

The sternes three that day shall die
That bears the harte in silver sheen.

The well known arms of the DOUGLAS family are the heart and three stars. In another place the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

At Pinken Cleuch there shall be spilt,
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the gylte,
And the eagle bear it away.

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by ANDRO HART, a new edition of BERLINGTON's verses before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of JAMES VI. which had just then taken place. The insertion is made, with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question.

> " Then to the Beirn I could say,
> Where dwellest thou, in what country ?
> [Or who shall rule the isle Britain,
> From the north to the south sea ?
> The French wife shall bear the son,
> Shall rule all Britain to the sea ;
> Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
> As near as the ninth degree :
> I framed fast what was his name,
> Whence that he came in what country.]
> At Erslington I dwell at hame,
> Thomas Rymer men call me."

There is surely no one who will not conclude, with Lord HAILES, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from BERLINGTON, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions, in

HART's collection. As the prophecy of BERLINGTON was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of ALBANY, so those of SYBILLA and ELTRAINE refer to that of the Earl of ARRAN, afterwards Duke of CHATELHERAULT, during the minority of MARY, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :

Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
With Saint Andrew's crosse thrice,
Then threescore and thrice three :
Take heid to Merling truly,
Then shall the wars ended be,
And never again rise.
In that year there shall be a king,
A duke, and no crowned king ;
Because the prince shall be young,
And tender of years.—

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scotish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the " Moldwarte (England) by the fained harte," (the Earl of ANGUS). The regent is described by his bearing the antelope ; large supplies are promised from France, and compleat conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of CHATELHERAULT ; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by ANDRO HART. Besides those expressly put in his name, GILDAS, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

> "True Thomas told me in a troublesome time
> In a harvest morning at Eldom (Eildon) hills."
>
> *The Prophecy of Gildas.*

In the prophecy of BERLINGTON, already quoted, we are told

> "Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,
> And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to MERDWYNN WYLLT, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of AMBROSE MERLIN, the friend of ARTHUR, the Scotish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from FORDUN. In the *Scotichronicon*, Lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt ST KENTIGERN and MERLIN, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken* from his mode of life. On being commanded by the Saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he per-forms was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing net.

> Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda
> Haec tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.

FORDUN, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the MERLIN of ARTHUR; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of MERLIN is pointed out at Drummelzear, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn tree. On the east side of the church-yard, the brook called Pausayl falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

> When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

On the day of the coronation of JAMES VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—PENNYCUIK's *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that MERLIN would retain sense enough to chuse for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of MERLIN SYLVESTER, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of JAMES V. WALDHAVE*, under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of WALDHAVE, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. WALDHAVE defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear by the law and lead he lives upon, " to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance.

> " He was formed like a freek (man) all his four quarters ;
> And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
> With growing so grim hair, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to WALDHAVE's enquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he " drees his weird," *i. e.* does penance, in that wood ; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody, concerning futurity, and concludes,

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* I do not know whether the person here meant, be WALDHAVE, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

> " Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt;
> For I mean no more man at this time."—

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt MERLIN and KENTIGERN in FORDUN. These prophecies of MERLIN seem to have been in request in the minority of JAMES V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir DAVID LINDSAY diverted that prince during his infancy, are

> The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.
> *Sir* D. LINDSAY'S *Epistle to the King.*

And we find, in WALDHAVE, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy addressed to the Countess of DUNBAR:

> This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
> When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields.

The original stands thus:

> When laddes weddeth lovedies.

Another prophecy of MERLIN, reported by WALDHAVE, seems to have been current about the time of the regent MORTON'S execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain JAMES STEWART, newly created Earl of ARRAN, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, SPOTTISWOODE says that he asked "Who was Earl of ARRAN?" and "being answered that Captain JAMES was the man; after a short pause, he said, "And is it so? I know then "what I may look for!" meaning, as was thought, that "the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart* by the "mouth of ARRAN,' should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but "some spared not, at the time when the HAMILTONS "were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, "and went that course only to disappoint it. But, if so "it was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by "the mouth of another ARRAN than he imagined."—SPOTTISWOODE, 313. Something like the fatal words alluded to, is to be found in WALDHAVE:

"When the mouth of Arran the top hath overturned."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the editor has been led by the celebrated name of MERLIN, the stile of all these prophecies, published by HART, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of PIERCE PLOWMAN's visions; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of JAMES V. did we not know that *Sir Galoran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration.

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[*] The heart was the cognisance of MORTON.

are not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by HARTE have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir JOHN CUTLER's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil. "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by "a noble queen and matron, called SYBILLA, Regina "Austri, that came to SOLOMON. Through the which "she composed four books at the instance of the said "King SOLOMON and others: and the fourth book was "directed to a noble king, called BALDWIN, king of "the broad isle of Britain. Of the which she maketh "mention of two noble princes and emperors, the which "is called LIONES. Of these, two shall subdue and "overcome all earthly princes to their diadem and "crown, and also be glorified and crowned in heaven "among saints. The first of these two is CONSTANTINUS MAGNUS; that was LEPROSUS, the son of "Saint HELEN, that found the crosse. The second is "the sixth king of the name of the STEWART of Scot"land, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction ?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found in these compositions some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would indeed have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of THOMAS of Erceldoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass ROBERT FLEMING. For example :

> "But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think ;
> Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death ;
> For Churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
> And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
>
> — — — — —
>
> Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise ;
> The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken ;
> Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,
> Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lilye for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy ?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

HARTE's collection of prophecies has been frequently re-printed within the century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of STEWART. For the prophetic renown of GILDAS and BEDE, see FORDUN, *lib.* 3.

Before leaving the subject of THOMAS' predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar.—Thus, he is said to have prophecied of the very ancient family of HAIG of Bemerside,

> Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr HAIG was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the abbey, should fall when " at the fullest". At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfillment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothick architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgement. It runs thus:

At Eildon tree if you shall be,
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that, when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

CORSPATRICK (Comes Patrick) Earl of MARCH, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of EDWARD I. in Scotland. As THOMAS of Erceldoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King ALEXANDER's death, the editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from HARTE's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

When seven years were come and gane,
  The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
  Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed;
  He saw the flash of armour flee;
And he beheld a gallant knight,
  Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
  Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
  Wi' gilded spurs of fashioun free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me."—
Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me.

" Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three;
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

" A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."—
—" Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He shew'd him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed *,
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

—" The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner, red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

---

* King **Alexander**; killed by a fall from his horse near Kinghorn.

" A Scotish king shall come full keen ;
The ruddy lion beareth he :
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

" When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
—" For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray !
Why should I lose the right is mine ?
My doom is not to die this day*."—

" Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see ;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

" There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away ;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there sall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day."——

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* The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

—" Enough, enough, of curse and ban ;
Some blessing shew thou now to me ;
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
" Ye sall rue the day ye e'er saw me !"—

—" The first of blessings I sall thee shew,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread*;
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

" Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

" Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree ;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blude sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."—

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* One of THOMAS's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus :

" The burn of breid
Sall run fow reid."—

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake, of unleavened bread.

—" But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
" True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the Isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea ?"—

—" A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea :
He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

" The waters worship shall his race ;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea ;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD—MODERN.

THOMAS the Rhymer was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem.* Of this once admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The editor has undertaken the superintendance of a very limited edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Erceldoune, will be at least the earliest specimen of Scotish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr ELLIS' *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, VOL. I. p. 165, 3d. p. 410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by ROBERT DE BRUNNE, the annalist.

> I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
> Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
> Now thame says as they thame wroght,
> And in thare saying it semes noght.
> That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
> Over gestes it has the steme,
> Over all that is or was;
> If men it said as made Thomas, &c.

It appears from a very curious MS. of the 13th century, *penes* Mr DOUCE, of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our THOMAS the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoune.

> Plusurs de nos granter ne volent
> Co que del naim dire se solent
> Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer
> Li naim redut Tristram narrer
> E entusché par grant engin
> Quant il afole Kaherdin
> Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal

> Enveiad Tristran Guvernal
> En Engleterre pur Ysolt
> THOMAS ico granter ne volt
> Et si volt par raisun mostrer
> Qu' ico ne put pas esteer, &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS. is totally different from the voluminous romance in French prose, compiled on the same subject by RUSTICIEN DE PUISE, and analysed by M. DE TRESSAN; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of modern ballads, had it not been for its immediate connection with the first and second parts of the same story.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more had come and gone,
Was war thro' Scotland spread;
And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon,
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitched pallions took their room;
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily thro' the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie*;
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

---

* *Ensenzie.*—War cry, or gathering word.

The feast was spread in Erceldoune,
  In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
  And ladies laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
  The music, nor the tale;
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
  Nor mantling quaighs* of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
  When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
  The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
  And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
  And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
  The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail†
  Those numbers to prolong.

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* *Quaighs.*—Wooden cups composed of staves hooped together.

† See introduction to this ballad.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years;
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's table round:
The warrior of the lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladie's sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd, in Arthur's days,
The Knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lilye hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part:
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's Queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuese, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that fam'd wizzard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Thro' many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes! like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die: her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp:—its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak ;
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close ;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woeful tale ;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes :—" What, Richard, ho !
Arise, my page, arise !
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies !"—

Then forth they rush'd : by Leader's tide,
A selcouth* sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

---

* *Selcouth.*—Wondrous.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three:
—"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."—

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

—"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong;
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! Adieu!" again he cried;
All as he turned him roun'—
—"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Erceldoune!"—

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, tho' he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,
Their wond'rous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon.—P. 286, Verse 1.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 286, Verse 2.

An ancient tower near Erceldoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair.

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows.*

They roused the deer from Caddenhead—To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 286, Verse 3.

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 288, Verse 2.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur Le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq. the tale of the *Knight and the Sword.*

THE BONNY HYND.

FROM MR HERD'S MS. WHERE THE FOLLOWING NOTE IS PREFIXED TO IT—“ *Copied from the mouth of a milkmaid*, 1771, *by W. L.*”

It was originally the intention of the editor to have omitted this ballad, on account of the disagreeable nature of the subject. Upon consideration, however, it seemed a fair sample of a certain class of songs and tales, turning upon incidents the most horrible and unnatural, with which the vulgar in Scotland are greatly delighted, and of which they have current amongst them an ample store. Such, indeed, are the subjects of composition in most nations, during the early period of society; when the feelings, rude and callous, can only be affected by the strongest stimuli, and where the mind does not, as in a more refined age, recoil disgusted from the means by which interest has been excited. Hence, incest, parricide—crimes, in fine, the foulest and most enormous, were the early themes of the Grecian muse. Whether that delicacy, which precludes the modern bard from the choice of such impressive and dreadful themes, be favourable to the higher classes of poetic composition, may perhaps be questioned; but there can be little doubt, that the more important cause of virtue and morality is advanced by this exclusion. The knowledge that enormities are not without precedent, may promote and even suggest them. Hence, the publication of the *Newgate Register* has been prohibited by the wisdom of the legislature; having been found to encourage those very crimes of which it recorded the punishment. Hence, too, the wise maxim of the Romans *Facinora ostendi dum punientur, flagitia autem abscondi debent.*

The ballad has a high degree of poetical merit.

THE BONNY HYND.

COPIED

FROM THE MOUTH OF A MILKMAID,

IN 1771.

O May she comes, and May she goes,
  Down by yon gardens green;
And there she spied a gallant squire,
  As squire had ever been.

And May she comes, and May she goes,
  Down by yon hollin tree;
And there she spied a brisk young squire,
  And a brisk young squire was he.

—" Give me your green manteel, fair maid;
Give me your maidenhead!
Give ye winna give me your green manteel,
Give me your maidenhead!"—

* * * *

—" Perhaps there may be bairns, kind Sir;
Perhaps there may be nane;
But, if you be a courtier,
You'l tell me soon your name."—

—" I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But new come frae the sea;
I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But when I court wi' thee.

" They call me Jack, when I'm abroad;
Sometimes they call me John;
But, when I'm in my father's bower,
Jock Randal is my name."—

—" Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me."—

—" Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny May!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae ae son,
Just now come o'er the sea."—

She's putten her hand down by her gare,
And out she's ta'en a knife;
And she has put it in her heart's bleed,
And ta'en away her life.

And he has ta'en up his bonny sister,
With the big tear in his een;
And he has buried his bonny sister,
Amang the hollins green.

And syne he's hyed him o'er the dale,
His father dear to see—
—" Sing, Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath yon hollin tree!"—

—"What needs you care for your bonny hynd?
For it you need na care;
Take you the best, gi' me the warst,
Since plenty is to spare."—

—"I care no for your hynds, my lord;
I care no for your fee;
But, Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree!"—

—"O were ye at your sister's bower,
Your sister fair to see,
You'l think nae mair o' your bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree."—

* * * *

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

FROM MR HERD's MS.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
  That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap of dew,
  Down on that red rose I would fa'.
    O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
      My love's bonny and fair to see:
    Whene'er I look on her weel far'd face,
      She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
  And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
  Awa wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
    O my love's bonny, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper o' the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonny, &c.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. *They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry.*

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
  Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
  That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
  Shall rue it to his smart.
    Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
  I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
  And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
  These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
  That voice that nane can match.
    Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
      O tell me how to woo thee;
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
  O tell me how to woo.
    O tell me how to woo thee, love,
      O tell me how to woo thee;
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART THIRD.

IMITATIONS

OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

MODERN—WALTER SCOTT.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is only accessible from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border Keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure.—The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one more eminent is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr LEWIS's *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well known Irish tradition. This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day :
  He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
  That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
  His banner broad to rear ;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
  To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was laced,
  And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore ;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
  Full ten pound weight and more.

---

* The plate-jack is coat armour ; the vaunt-brace (avaunt-bras), armour for the shoulders and arms ; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

The Baron return'd in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor*
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierc'd and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot page,
His name was *English Will*.

—"Come thou hither, my little foot page;
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

---

[*] See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen;
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

—"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry beacon hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sate her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came;
And, by Mary's might, an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

" And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

" The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair,
On the lonesome beacon hill.

" And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, " Come this night to thy lady's bower;
" Ask no bold Baron's leave.

" He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
" His lady is all alone;
" The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
" On the eve of good St John."—

—" I cannot come; I must not come;
" I dare not come to thee;
" On the eve of St John I must wander alone:
" In thy bower I may not be."—

—"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
"Thou should'st not say me nay;
"For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
"Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
"And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
"So, by the black rood-stone*, and by holy St John,
"I conjure thee, my love, to be there."—

—"Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
"And the warder his bugle should not blow,
"Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
"And my footstep he would know."—

—"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
"For to Dryburgh† the way he has ta'en;
"And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
"For the soul of a knight that is slayne."—

---

* The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

† Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution it became the property of the HALLIBURTONS of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of BUCHAN. It belonged to the Order of Premonstratenses.

" He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd ;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
—" He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
" May as well say mass for me.

" At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
" In thy chamber will I be."—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."——

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high ;
—" Now, tell me the mein of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die !"—

—" His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light ;
His plume it was scarlet and blue ;
On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

—" Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page!
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon* tree."—

—" Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale.
—" The grave is deep and dark, and the corpse is stiff and stark,
So I may not trust thy tale.

" Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

---

* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.—See *page* 249.

"The varying light deceiv'd thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"—

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's* wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

—"Now hail! now hail! thou lady bright!"—
—"Now hail! thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

—"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

---

* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of HUGH SCOTT Esq. of Harden.

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said—
—"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep:
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

—"Alas! away! away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake."—
—"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, Lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, Lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place*, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hads't thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
—"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

—"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."—

---

* *Trysting-place.*—Place of rendezvous.

He laid his left hand on an oaken stand,
  His right hand on her arm :
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
  For the touch was fiery warm.

The sable score of fingers four
  Remains on that board impress'd ;
And for evermore that lady wore
  A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
  Ne'er looks upon the sun :
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
  He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
  That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun, was Smaylho'mes Lady gay,
  That monk, the bold Baron.

NOTES

ON

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord EVERS, and Sir BRIAN LATOUN, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scotish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus in the bloody ledger of Lord EVERS.

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of corn	850

Insight, gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

MURDIN's *State Papers*, VOL. I. p. 51.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, the seventh Earl of ANGUS, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft.* In 1545, Lord EVERS and LATOUN again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English borderers, and 700 assured Scotishmen, chiefly ARMSTRONGS, TURNBULLS, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English Generals even exceeded their former cruelty. EVERS burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady, (a noble and aged woman, says LESLY) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged.—As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by ANGUS, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous NORMAN LESLEY, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot, while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scotish General was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir WALTER SCOTT *, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior, (to whose conduct PITSCOTTIE ascribes the success of the engagement) ANGUS withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, EVERS and LATOUN hurried precipitately forwards, and, having ascended the hill which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies. "Oh!" exclaimed ANGUS, "that I had "here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscroft*. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!" —*Lesly*, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord EVERS, and his son, together with Sir BRIAN LATOUN, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic *Alderman of London*, READ by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by HENRY VIII. was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—*Redpath's Border History*, p. 553. EVERS was much regretted by King HENRY, who swore to avenge his death upon ANGUS, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the Earl at his hands. The answer of ANGUS was worthy of a DOUGLAS. "Is our brother-in-law offended*," said he, "that I, as a "good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced "tombs of my ancestors, upon RALPH EVERS? They were better "men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my "life for that? Little knows King HENRY the skirts of Kirnetable†: "I can keep myself there against all his English host."—*Godscroft*.

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* The editor has found in no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence, they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to BUCCLEUCH, in West Teviotdale, were harried by EVERS; the outworks, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm, burned; eight SCOTTS slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 SCOTTS slain, and the Moss Tower, (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore.* Thus BUCCLEUCH had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—*Murdin's State Papers*, p. 45, 46.

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* ANGUS had married the widow of JAMES IV. sister to King HENRY VIII.

† Kirnetable is a mountainous tract in Dumfries-shire.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot on which it was fought is called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scotish woman of that name; who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire WITHERINGTON. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run as follows:

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears from a passage in STOWE, that an ancestor of Lord EVERS held also a grant of Scotish lands from an English Monarch. "I have "seen," says the historian, "under the broad seale of the said King "EDWARD I. a mannor, called Ketnes, in the countie of Ferfare, in "Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, "given to JOHN EURE and his heires, ancestor to the Lord EURE "that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, &c. "dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—*Stowe*'s *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of HENRY, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower—P. 312, Verse 3.

The circumstance of the nun "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr HALLIBURTON of Newmains, or that of Mr ERSKINE of Sheffield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

These circumstances the editor gives to the public on the best authority. The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

LORD SOULIS.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—J. LEYDEN.

The subject of the following ballad is a popular tale of the Scotish borders. It refers to transactions of a period so important, as to have left an indelible impression on the popular mind, and almost to have effaced the traditions of earlier times. The fame of ARTHUR, and the Knights of the Round Table, always more illustrious among the Scotish borderers, from their Welch origin, than FIN MACCOUL, and GOW MACMORNE, who seem not, however, to have been totally unknown, yielded gradually to the renown of WALLACE, BRUCE, DOUGLAS, and the other patriots, who so nobly asserted the liberty of their country. Beyond that period, numerous, but obscure and varying legends, refer to the marvellous

MERLIN, or MYRRDIN *the Wild*, and MICHAEL SCOT, both magicians of notorious fame. In this instance the enchanters have triumphed over the *true man*. But the charge of magic was transferred from the ancient sorcerers to the objects of popular resentment of every age; and the partizans of the BALIOLS, the abettors of the English faction, and the enemies of the Protestant, and of the Presbyterian Reformation, have been indiscriminately stigmatized as necromancers and *warlocks*. Thus, Lord SOULIS, Archbishop SHARP, GRIERSON of Lagg, and GRAHAM of Claverhouse, Viscount DUNDEE, receive from tradition the same supernatural attributes. According to DALRYMPLE*, the family of SOULIS seem to have been powerful during the contest between BRUCE and BALIOL; for adhering to the latter of whom they incurred forfeiture. Their power extended over the south and west marches; and near † Deadrigs, in the parish of Eccles, in the east marches, their family bearings still appear on an obelisk; and WILLIAM DE SOULIS, Justiciarius Laodoniæ, in 1281, subscribed the famous obligation, by which the nobility of Scotland bound themselves to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maid of Norway, and her descendants.—RHYMER, *tom.* 2, p. 266, 279; and, in 1291, NICHOLAS DE SOULIS appears as a competitor for the crown of Scotland, which he claimed as the heir of MARGERY, a bastard daughter of ALEXANDER II. and wife of ALLAN DURWARD, or CHUISSIER.—*Carte*, p. 177. DALRYMPLE's *Annals*, VOL. I. p. 203.

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* DALRYMPLE's Collections concerning the Scottish History, p. 395.

† Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, VOL. I. p. 269.

But their power was not confined to the marches; for the barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington, derived its name from the family; being designed Soulistoun, in a charter to the predecessors of NEVOY of that ilk, seen by DALRYMPLE; and the same frequently appears among those of the benefactors and witnesses in the chartularies of abbeys, particularly in that of Newbottle. RANULPHUS DE SOULIS occurs as a witness, in a charter, granted by King DAVID, of the teinds of Stirling; and he, or one of his successors, had afterwards the appellation of *Pincerna Regis*. In a charter of King JOHN BALIOL, granted after he had been dethroned, and dated Rutherglen, the 9th year of his reign (1320), JOHANNES DE SOULIS is denominated *Custos regni nostri*. The following notices of the family and its decline, are extracted from ROBERTSON's *Index of lost Charters**. Various repetitions occur, as the index is copied from different rolls, which never appear to have been accurately arranged.

Charter to the Abbacie of Melros, of that part of the barrony of Westerker, quhilk pertenit to Lord SOULIS—a ROB. I. in vicecom. Melrose.

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* Index of many records of Charters granted between 1309 and 1413, published by W. ROBERTSON, Esq.

Charter to the Abbey of Craigelton, quhilkis perteinit to Lord Soullis—ab eodem—Candidæ Casæ.

——— To John Soullis Knight, of the lands of Kirkanders and Brettalach—ab eodem—Dumfries.

——— To John Soullis, Knight, of the barronie of Torthorald, ab eodem—Dumfries.

——— To John Soullis, of the landis of Kirkanders—ab eodem—Dumfries.

——— To John Soullis, of the barony of Kirkanders—quæ fuit quendam Johannis de Wak, Militis—ab eodem.

——— To James Lord Douglas, the half-lands of the barony of Westerker, in valle de Esk, quilk William Soulis forisfecit—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Stewart, the son and heir of Walter Stewart, the barony of Nisbit, the barony of Long Newton, and Mertoun, and the barony of Cavirtoun, in vicecomitatu de Roxburgh, quilk William Soulis forisfecit.

——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, whilk was William Soullis, in vicecom. de Edinburgh—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Bruce, of the lands of Liddesdale whilk William Soullis erga nos forisfecit—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Bruce, son to the King, the lands of Liddesdail, whilk William Soullis forisfecit erga nos, ab eodem—anno regni 16.

——— To Archibald Douglas, of the baronie of Kirkanders quilk were John Soullis, in vicecom. de Dumfries.

——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, quilk Soullis forisfecit, in vicecom. de Edinburgh.

——— Waltero Senescallo Scotiæ of Nesbit (exceptand the valley of Liddell) the barony of Langnewton and Maxtoun, the barony of Cavertoun, in vicecom. de Roxburgh, quas Soullis forisfecit.

Charter to James Lord Douglas, of the barony of Westerker, quam Willielmus de Soulis forisfecit.

——— To William Lord Douglas, of the lands of Lyddal whilkis William Soullis forisfecit—a Davide secundo.

The hero of tradition seems to be William, Lord Soulis, whose name occurs so frequently in the foregoing list of forfeitures; by which he appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfries-shire, the lands of Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II.; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The brother, or perhaps the father, of William, was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head of 300 Englishmen; and was himself slain, fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk, in Ireland, 1318. The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfal of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to BARBOUR, was to elevate Lord SOULIS to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the Countess of STRATHERN. Lord SOULIS was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says BARBOUR, by 360 squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt in full parliament, his life was spared by the king; but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died.—Many of his accomplices were executed; among others, the gallant DAVID DE BRECHIN, nephew to the king, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason in which he disdained to participate*. The parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, was long remembered by the name of the *Black Parliament.* It was held in the year 1320.

From this period the family of SOULIS makes no figure in our annals. Local tradition, however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harrassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the king of Scotland. For which purpose he employed all means human and infernal: invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scotish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, " Boil him, if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately dispatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord SOULIS is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened, once in seven years, by that dæmon, to which, when he left the castle, never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord SOULIS was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separates Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

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* As the people thronged to the execution of this gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir INGRAM DE UMFRAVILLE, an English, or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of ROBERT BRUCE. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly "around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death."—With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and, repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said UMFRAVILLE, "will not, for the "wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have "seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the king's leave, he interred the body of DAVID DE BRECHIN, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by BARBOUR, book 19th.

The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by MICHAEL SCOT to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their task-master to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

Redcap is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.

LORD SOULIS.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;
—“ Now tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
The death that I must die?”—

—“ While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
’Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

“ Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e’er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand,
Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With the rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound."—

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
And Redcap was not by;
And he called on a page who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

—"And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be."—

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw;
Save a pyot on every turret that sat,
Beside a corby craw.

The page he look'd at the skrieh* of day,
But nothing, I wist, he saw;
Till a horseman gay, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

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* *Skrieh.*—Peep.

—" Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?"—
So loudly cried the page;
—" I tidings bring, from Scotland's king,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

" He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die."—

By traitorous slight, they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,
And through the key-stone of the vault,
They plunged him horse and man.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid,
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—" Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."—

With her yellow hair that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

—" Now be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and ay shall ye rue the day,
You heard young Branxholm's name.

" O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift* is like lead so blue;
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shine dimly through."—

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend or foe, in border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

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* *Lift.*—Sky.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led,
  Up Goranberry slack;
Aye, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
  Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
  And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir,
  Where he that night shonld sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,
  The dun deer on the law;
The glammer* sure was in his ee,
  When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
  He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
  When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief,
  His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack, they sent him back,
  To Soulis' castle gray;
Syne onward fure, for Branxholm tower,
  Where all his merry-men lay.

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* *Glammer.*—Magical delusion.

—“ Now welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
  Thrice welcome,” quoth Soulis, “ to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
  My wedding guest to be:
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
  A brideman such as thee!”—

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
  And on the barmkin shone:
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
  Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
  As he lighted at the wall;
Says—“ Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
  And where do they tarry all?”—

—“ We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
  We stabled them sure,” quoth he:
“ Before we could cross that quaking moss,
    They all were lost but me.”—

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
  And he heard a stifled groan;
And, at the third knock, each rusty lock
  Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
  And he listen'd silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low:
  —“Beware of a coming tree!”—

In muttering sound the rest was drowned;
  Nor other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close,
  With the rusty padlocks three.

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother,
  The Tiviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
  For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
  The fame of his array;
And that Tiviotdale would soon assail
  His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,
  And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
  But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke ;
  And it murmur'd sullenlie,
—" Shut fast the door, and for evermore,
  Commit to me the key.

" Alas ! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes,
  Thine eyes to look on me !
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
  For here thou must not be."—

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
  His warlock chamber o'er ;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
  That ne'er were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
  With meikle care and pain ;
And he bade it keep them, fathoms deep,
  Till he returned again.

And still when seven years are o'er,
  Is heard the jarring sound ;
When slowly opes the charmed door
  Of the chamber under ground.

And some, within the chamber door,
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

When Soulis thought on his merrie men now,
A woeful wight was he;
Says—“ Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine!
But Branxholm's heir shall die.”—

Says—“ What would ye do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee?”—
—“ I would take you to the good greenwood,
And gar your ain hand wale[*] the tree.”—

—“ Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside.”—

They carried him to the good greenwood,
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

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[*] *Wale.*—Choose.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below;
—"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow?"—

—"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree;
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
I loved in infancie."—

Young Branxholm turned him, and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly* spake,
—"O sic a death is no for me."—

And next they passed the aspin gray;
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie:
—"Now chuse thee, chuse thee, Branxholm gay;
Say, wilt thou never chuse the tree?"—

—"More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For beneath the shade that its branches made,
Have past the vows of my love and me."—

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* *Puirly*—Softly.

Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see;
With witch's hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis's gramarye;
Then shoulder height, for glee he lap,
—" Methinks I spye a coming tree!"—

—" Aye, many may come, but few return;"—
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
—" No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!"—

—" Now, by my sooth," quo' bauld Walter,
" If that be true we soon shall see."—
His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him, true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun:
—" The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down."—

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet on the Nine-stane lea.

That wizzard accurst, the bands he burst;
They mouldcred at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizzard accursed, the bands he burst;
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him, truc Thomas,
—“ We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide.”—

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scot,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see:
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faerie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizzard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes so curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turned it with his hand;
And he bade each lad of Tiviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfuls nine;
But Redcap sly, unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea;
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took;
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizzard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can shew;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,
The spreat* and the deer-hair† ne'er shall grow.

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* *Spreat.*—The spreat is a species of water-rush.

† *Deer-hair.*—The deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass, which in May bears a very minute, but beautiful yellow flower.

NOTES

ON

LORD SOULIS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised *(horresco referens)*, upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the Duke of Albany), the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, " Sorrow gin the Sheriff were soddin, and supped in broo' !" The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Lauriestoun, and Pittaraw, decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvock, above Lawrencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place (still called the *Sheriff's Pot)*, the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the King termed it), for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence; and **Barclay**, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kaim *(i. e.* the camp, or fortress) of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula, overhanging the German Ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance, by claiming the benefit of the law of clan **Macduff**, concerning which the curious reader will find some particulars subjoined. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law, is said to be still extant among the records of the Viscount of **Arbuthnot**.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity perpetrated after the death of **Muley Ismael**, Emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of old Fez, throwing off all allegiance to his successor, slew "**Alchyde Boel le Rosea**, their old governor, boiling his flesh, "and many through spite eating thereof, and throwing what they could "not eat of it to the dogs."—See *Pellow's Travels in South Barbary.*

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in **Stowe**'s *Chronicle.* "The 17th of March, (1524), **Margaret** "**Davy**, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield, for poisoning of three "households that she had dwelled in." But unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.

LAW OF CLAN MACDUFF.

Though it is rather foreign to the proper subject of this work, many readers may not be displeased to have some account of the curious privilege enjoyed by the descendants of the famous **Macduff**, Thane of Fife, and thence called the Law of the Clan, or Family, bearing his name.

When the revolution was accomplished, in which MACBETH was dethroned and slain, MALCOLM, sensible of the high services of the THANE of Fife, is said by our historians to have promised to grant the first three requests he should make. MACDUFF accordingly demanded, and obtained, first that he and his successors, Lords of Fife, should place the crown on the king's head at his coronation; secondly, that they should lead the vanguard of the army whenever the royal banner was displayed; and lastly, this privilege of Clan MACDUFF, whereby any person, being related to MACDUFF within the ninth degree, and having committed homicide in *chaude melle* (without premeditation), should, upon flying to MACDUFF's cross, and paying a certain fine, obtain remission of their guilt. Such, at least, is the account given of the law by all our historians. Nevertheless, there seems ground to suspect, that the privilege did not amount to an actual and total remission of the crime, but only to a right of being exempted from all other courts of jurisdiction except that of the Lord of Fife. The reader is presented with an old document, in which the Law Clan MACDUFF is pleaded on behalf of one of the ancestors of MORAY of Abercairny; and it is remarkable that he does not claim any immunity, but solely a right of being repledged, because his cause had already been tried by ROBERT, Earl of Fife, the sole competent judge. But the privilege of being answerable only to the chief of their own clan, was to the descendants of MACDUFF almost equivalent to an absolute indemnity.

MACDUFF's cross was situated near Lindores, on the march dividing Fife from Strathern. The form of this venerable monument unfortunately offended the zeal of the reformer KNOX, and it was totally demolished by his followers. The pedestal, a solid block of stone, alone ecaped the besom of destruction. It bore an inscription, which, according to the apocryphal account of Sir ROBERT SIBBALD, was a mixture of Latin,Saxon, Danish, and old French. SKENE has preserved two lines:

Propter Makgridim et hoc oblatum
Accipe Smeleridem super lampade limpidæ labrum.

Skene, de verb. sig. voce Clan Macduff.

The full inscription, real or pretended, may be found in Sir ROBERT SIBBALD's history of Fife, and in JAMES CUNNINGHAME's essay upon MACDUFF's Cross, together with what is called a translation, or rather paraphrase, of the piebald jargon which composes it. In GOUGH's edition of CAMDEN's *Britannia*, a different and more intelligible version is given, on the authority of a Mr DOUGLAS of Newburgh. The cross was dedicated to a Saint MACGIDER. Around the pedestal are tumuli, said to be the graves of those, who, having claimed the privilege of the law, failed in proving their consanguinity to the Thane of Fife. Such persons were instantly executed. The people of Newburgh believe that the spectres of these criminals still haunt the ruined cross, and claim that mercy for their souls, which they had failed to obtain for their mortal existence.

The late Lord HAILES gives it as his opinion, that the indulgence was only to last till the tenth generation from MACDUFF.

FORDUN and WINTOUN state, that the fine to be paid by the person taking sanctuary, was 24 marks for a gentleman, and 12 marks for a yeoman. SKENE affirms it to be nine cows, and a colpindach *(i. e.* a quey, or cow of one or two years old).—FORDUN, *lib.* 5, *cap.* 9—WINTOUN's *Cronykel*, *b.* 6, *ch.* 19—SKENE *ut supra.* The last cited author avers that he has seen an old evident, bearing, that SPENS of Wormestoun, being of MACDUFF's kin, enjoyed this privilege for the slaughter of one KINNERMONTH. The following deed, of a like nature, is published from a copy, accurately transcribed from an original deed, in the hands of the late Mr CUMING of the Herald-Office, Edinburgh, by Messrs BROWN and GIBB, librarians to the Faculty of Advocates. The blanks are occasioned by some parts of the deed having been obliterated.

" In nomine domini amen. Per presens publicum instrumentum, " cunctis pateat evidenter quod anno ejusdem domini mo. cco. nonage-" simo primo, indictione quinta decima Pontificatus sanctissimi in " Christo Patris, ac domini nostri Clementis divina providentia Papæ " septimi anno quarto decimo mensis Decembris die septimo. In mei " notarii publici et testium subscriptorum presentia personaliter con-" stitutus, nobilis et potens vir dominus ALEXANDER DE MORA-" VIA, miles, cum prolucutoribus suis, domino BERNARDO DE HOW-" DEN, milite, et JOHANNE DE LOGIE, vocatus per rotulos indicta-" mentorum super interfectione WILLIELMI DE SPALDEN coram

“Justiciariis; viz. JOHANNE DE DRUMMOND milite MAURICIO DE DRUMMOND.

“Filium Willielmi in judicio sedentibus apud Foulis et potestatus erat, quod ex quo semel pro interfectione dicti hominis antea fuit per indictamentum judicio vocatus et replegiatus ad legem de Clan MACDUFF, per dominum ROBERTUM comitem de FYFE non tenebatur coram quocunque alio de dicta interfectione judiciari, quousque dicta lex de Clan MACDUFF suo intemerata privilegio de ipso ut prædicitur ad ipsam legem atto. Petens ipsum legaliter deliberari, et per ipsos vel eorum indictamentis sic indebite ulterius non vexari. QUIQUIDEM judicis nolle dictum dominum ALEXANDRUM deliberare si ipsum bene vellent respectuare eousque quod dominus de Brochepen justiciarius capitalis dicta actione ordinaverunt quod sibi et suo concilio expedientius videretur, quiquidem dominus ALEXANDER et sui prolucutores eorum petitione et prestatione et predictorum judicum responsione, petierunt a me notario publico infra scripto præsentium acta fuerunt hæc apud Foulis in itinere justiciario ibidem tento anno mense die et pontificatu prescriptis per nobilibus et discretis viris dominis MAURICIO archidiacono DUMBLAN, WILLIELMO DE GRAME, VINFRIDO DE CUNYNGHAM, DAVID DE Militibus, MORITIO DE DRUMMOND, WALTERO DE DRUMMOND, WALTER DE MORAVIA, Scutiferis testibus ad præmissa vocatis specialiter et rogatis.

“Et ego Johannes Symonis Clericus Dunkeldensis publicus imperial notarius prædicti domini ALEXANDRI comparitione ipsius petitione et protestatione desuper justiciariorum responsione omnibusque aliis et singulis dum sic ut priusquam et agerentur una cum prenominatis testibus presens interfui eaque sic fieri vidi et in hanc forman publicam, redegi manuque mea propria scripsi requisitus et roga om omnium premissorum signo meo consueto signavi.”

THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—J. LEYDEN.

The tradition on which the following ballad is founded, derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add, that the most redoubtable adversary of Lord SOULIS was the Chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their long lances, till he died, and the eddy in which he perished is still called the Cout of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord SOULIS, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of *Cout*, i. e. Colt, is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. Tradition likewise relates, that the young chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord SOULIS had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.

The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins** around it. Keeldar castle is now a hunting seat, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *duergar*. WALSINGHAM mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during his sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he remained insane for many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

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* *Withershins.*—German, *widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.

THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—J. LEYDEN.

The eiry blood-hound howled by night,
The streamers[*] flaunted red,
Till broken streaks of flaky light
O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The ladye sigh'd as Keeldar rose :
—" Come tell me, dear love mine,
Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
Or on the banks of Tyne ?"—

—" The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale ;
But now we ride on the Scotish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale."—

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[*] *Streamers.*—Northern lights.

—" Gin you will ride on the Scotish side,
Sore must thy Margaret mourn;
For Soulis abhorred is Lyddall's lord,
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

" The axe he bears, it hacks and tears;
'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint;
No armour of knight, tho' ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

" No danger he fears, for a charmed sword he wears;
Of adderstone the hilt;
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
But his heart-blood was spilt."—

—" In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

" Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear;
That bodes no ill to me;
Though never a knight by mortal might
Could match his gramarye."—

Then forward bound both horse and hound,
And rattle o'er the vale;
As the wintry breeze, through leafless trees,
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells
In deepening blue retire;
Till soon before them boldly swells
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reached the Redswire high,
Soft beam'd the rising sun;
But formless shadows seemed to fly
Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reached the Redswire high,
His bugle Keeldar blew;
And round did float, with clamorous note
And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
The wind grew deadly still;
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
Waved wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
  Still stood the limber fern;
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
  Up started by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
  That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
  As the purple heather bell.

An urchin[*], clad in prickles red,
  Clung cowring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
  As struck by fairy charm.

—"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
  Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
  Without the leave of me?"—

—"Brown dwarf, that o'er the muir-land strays,
  Thy name to Keeldar tell."—
—"The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
  Beneath the heather bell.

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[*] *Urchin.*—Hedge-hog.

" 'Tis sweet, beneath the heather bell,
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell,
Far far from tower and town.

" But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer;
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear."—

Says—" Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
In thee we hope nor dread."—
—But, ere the bugles green could blow,
The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,
Young Keeldar's band have gone;
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,
Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
A powerful seed that bore;
And oft, of yore, its channels deep
Were stained with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
Hang the grey moss upon,
The spirit murmurs from within,
And shakes the rocking stone.

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,
And called in scornful tone,
With him to pass the barrier ground,
The spirit of the stone.

The rude crag rocked ;—" I come for death !
I come to work thy woe !"—
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath
That murmured from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,
Swift as the winter wind ;
When, hovering on the driving blast,
The snow flakes fall behind.

They passed the muir of berries blae,
The stone cross on the lee ;
They reached the green, the bonny brae,
Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonny brae, the green,
  Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still, of ancient size, is seen
  Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
  The daisy springing fair;
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
  With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
  The curling lady fern;
That fatal day the mould was red,
  No moss was on the cairn.

And next they passed the chapel there;
  The holy ground was by,
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,
  To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
  A massy castle frown'd;
Since first the Pictish race in blood
  The haunted pile did found.

The restless stream its rocky base
Assails with ceaseless din;
And many a troubled spirit strays
The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
A knight across the vale;
—" I greet your master well," he cried,
" From Soulis of Liddisdale.

" He heard your bugle's echoing call,
In his green garden bower;
And bids you to his festive hall,
Within his ancient tower."—

Young Keeldar called his hunter train;
—" For doubtful cheer prepare;
And, as you open force disdain,
Of secret guile beware.

" 'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord,
A bloody feast was set;
Who weetless, at the festal board,
The bull's broad frontlet met.

" Then ever, at uncourteous feast,
Keep every man his brand;
And, as you mid his friends are placed,
Range on the better hand.

" And if the bull's ill omened head
Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
Plunge in each neighbour's breast."—

In Hermitage they sat at dine,
In pomp and proud array;
And oft they filled the blood-red wine,
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sung,
And song of game and glee;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
" Of Scotland's luve and lee."

To wilder measures next they turn:
" The Black Black Bull of Norroway;"
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play;

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
Each gazed with glaring eye;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharmed by gramarye.

He burst the door; the roofs resound;
With yells the castle rung;
Before him, with a sudden bound,
His favourite blood-hound sprung..

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd;
And, grating harsh from under,
With creaking jarring noise, was heard
A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
Announce the dire sword-mill;
The piteous howlings of the hound
The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
Stood listening to the yell;
And greater still their wonder grew,
As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek,
Amid the jarring sound;
They only heard, in echoes weak,
The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
The castle gates amain;
While hurry out the armed rout,
And marshal on the plain.

Ah! ne'er before in border feud,
Was seen so dire a fray;
Through glittering lances Keeldar hewed
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
No lethal brand could dint;
No other arms could e'er withstand
The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,
And rowan leaves, nod on;
And vain Lord Soulis' sword was seen,
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
By Soulis of Liddisdale;
—"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows
Assail the charmed mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,
In vain your faulchions gleam—
—No spell can stay the living tide,
Or charm the rushing stream."—

And now young Keeldar reached the stream,
Above the foamy linn;
The border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale:
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddisdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course,
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old grey stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must ay remain,
Till the ruined towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

NOTES

ON

THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint.—P. 258, Verse 2.

An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, inclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to sprains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings; but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

Of adderstone the hilt.—P. 358, Verse 3.

The adderstone, among the Scotish peasantry, is held in almost as high veneration, as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum*, described by PLINY.—*Natural History*, l. xxix. c. 3. The name is applied to celts, and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.

With the leaves of the rowan tree.—P. 258, Verse 4.

The rowan tree, or mountain ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens; as the holly, and the bay. With the leaves of the bay, the English and Welch peasants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors, at midsummer.

Vide BRAND'S *Vulgar Antiquities.*

And shakes the rocking stone.—P, 362, Verse 1.

The rocking stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the dæmons which they believed to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni saga*, chap. 2. that the first Icelandic bishop, by chaunting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival in the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted its worshippers to christianity.—The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:

> Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
> Lay off the St John's wort, and the vervine.

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

Since first the Pictish race in blood.—P. 363, Verse 5.

Castles, remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are, by the common people, commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry, in constructing these edifices; but are believed to have bathed the foundation stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gælic tradition, according to which St Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St Oran alive, beneath the foundation of his monastery, in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.

And if the bull's ill-omened head, &c.—P. 365, Verse 2.

To present a bull's head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, LINDSAY of Pitscottie relates in his history, p. 17, that "efter the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, "the chancellor (Sir W. CRICHTON) presentit the bullis head befoir the Earle of DOUGLAS, in signe and toaken of condemnation to "the death."

They tuned to plaintive strains their tongue—" Of Scotland's luve and lee."—P. 365, Verse 4.

The most ancient Scotish song known, is that which is here alluded to, and is thus given by **Wintoun**, in his *Cronykil*, Vol. I. p. 401.

Quhen Alysandyr oure kynge wes dede,
  That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
  Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:

Oure gold wes changyd into lede,
  Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede,
  That stad is in perplexyte.

That alluded to in the following verse, is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "*The Black Bull of Norroway*." The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the "*Three Futtit Dog of Norroway*," the title of which is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland.*

The iron clash, the grinding sound—Announce the dire sword-mill.—P. 366, Verse 5.

The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the continent, was ever employed in Scotland; but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.

No spell can stay the living tide, &c.—P. 368, Verse 3.

That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream, was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in **Burns**' admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD's CORONACH*.

BY THE EDITOR.

The simple tradition upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party.— The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished.—Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

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* *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of MORAY. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was in times of yore chiefly inhabited by the MACGREGORS. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD's CORONACH.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
"Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
"They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
"And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare
"To see the phantom train their secret work prepare."

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'*!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

---

* *O hon a rie'* signifies—"Alas for the prince, or chief."

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find;
And chase with him the dark brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
  The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
  He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
  Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
  Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
  High converse with the dead they hold;
And oft espy the fated shroud,
  That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that, on a day,
  To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
  And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen,

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
  To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
  Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
  Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
  The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
  The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
  Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
  When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist, in dewy balm,
  Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes,
  Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
  And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
  Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
  As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—" What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye?

" To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

" Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heav'd the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

" But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

" Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

" Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ?"——

——" Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise;
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

" E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the seer's sad spirit came.

" The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights, and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

" The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

" Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st with pride the gallant's power,
As, marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

" Thou only saw'st their tartans[*] wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound:
Heard'st but the pibroch[†], answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

" I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

" And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

---

[*] *Tartans.*—The full Highland dress, made of the checquered stuff so termed.

[†] *Pibroch.*—A piece of martial music adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

" I see the death damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy warning spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now....!
No more is given to gifted eye!"——

——" Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

" Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

" E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew;"—
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rouzers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
—" O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

" With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

—" And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
" And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"—

—" Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

" To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

" O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
 Whom loitering in the woods I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
 Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

—" Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
 Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
 Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

—" O first, for pity's gentle sake,
 Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
 And reach my father's towers ere day."—

—" First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
 And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy reed:
 So shall we safely wind our way."—

—" O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
 Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
 Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to faith and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye."—

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

—"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind!

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."—

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear;
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
  The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
  Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
  Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
  Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
  Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
  Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
  At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
  The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
  No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
  And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er;
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;—
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

NOTES

ON

GLENFINLAS.

Well can the Saxon widows tell, &c.—P. 376, Verse 2.

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree.—P. 376, Verse 3.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed the beltane tree. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, &c.—P. 377. Verse 1.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr JOHNSON's definition, who calls it " An impression either by the mind upon the eye, " or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are " perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—P. 380, Verse 1.

St Oran was a friend and follower of **St Columba**, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain dæmons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of **Columba** to build a chapel. **Columba** caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when **Oran**, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for **Columba** caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 386, Verse 5.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to **Camerarius**, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as **St Fillan** used to spend whole nights in that exercise. **Lesley**, *lib.* 7, tells us, that **Robert** the **Bruce** was possessed of this miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, least it should fall into the hands of the English. But lo! while **Robert** was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of **Lesley**. But the **Bruce** little needed that the arm of **St Fillan** should assist his own.

The reader will not be displeased to peruse the following highly poetical account of a Scotish superstition, similar in its general spirit to the tale of *Glenfinlas*, and still more closely approaching to the ***Wild Huntsmen*** of the Germans. The verses are extracted from a descriptive poem, entituled *Albania*, published at Aberdeen, in the year 1757. The poem itself is now almost forgotten, though containing some passages of great merit. The editor has been favoured with the inspection of the only copy known to be extant, belonging to the learned and well known Dr BEATTIE of Aberdeen.

> " E'er since, of old, the haughty Thanes of Ross
> (So to the simple swain tradition tells,)
> Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd,
> To wake the bounding stag and guilty wolf;
> There oft is heard, at midnight or at noon,
> Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
> And nearer, voice of huntsmen and of hounds,
> And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen.
> Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
> Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
> Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer,
> Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
> And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
> Sudden the grazing heifer, in the vale,
> Starts at the tumult, and the herdsman's ears
> Tingle with inward dread: aghast, he eyes
> The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
> Yet not a trace of living wight discerns;
> Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands,
> To what or whom he owes his idle fear,
> To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
> But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

END

OF VOLUME SECOND.

ERRATA.

Vol. II.

Page 4, St. 1, line 4, for " while," read " *white.*"
- 161, line 6, for " Lord Chief Justice Clerk," read " *Lord Justice Clerk.*"
- 166, St. 3, line 3, for " frith," read " *pith.*"
- 177, note, line 4, for " Fordun," read " *the Continuator of Fordun.*"
- 328, line 8, from the bottom, dele " *and.*"

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